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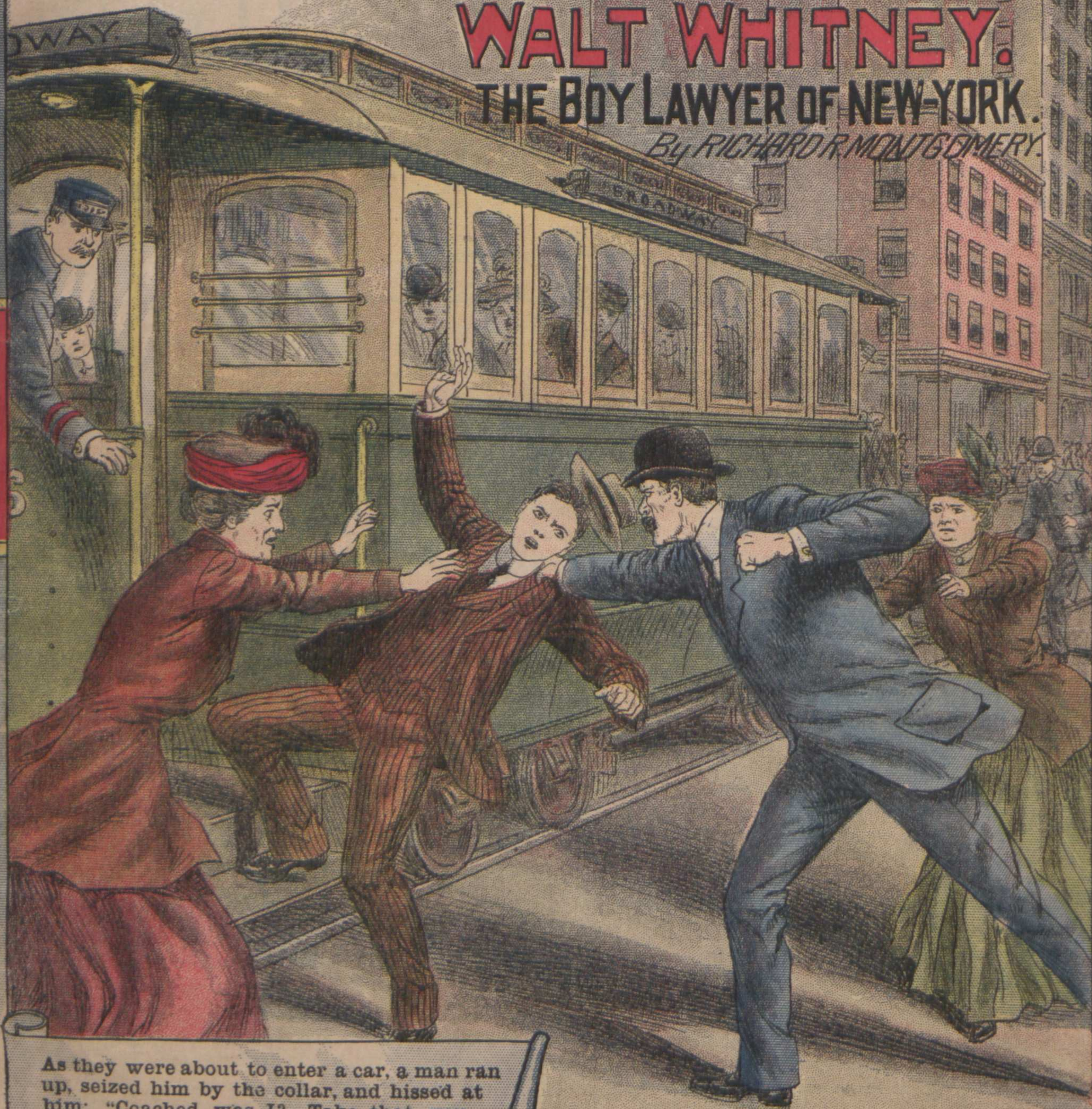
PLUCK AND LUCK

COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE.

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THE BOY LAWYER OF NEW-YORK.

By RICHARD R. MONTGOMERY.



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PLUCK AND LUCK

Stories of Adventure

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WALT WHITNEY

The Boy Lawyer of New York

By RICHARD R. MONTGOMERY

CHAPTER I.

WALT WHITNEY—HIS FIRST CASE.

One day a case was called up in one of the city courts of New York, in which a poor widow was suing a life insurance company on a policy it had issued on the life of her husband, who had died a few months before. The amount of the policy was for one thousand dollars. The premiums had been paid regularly for eight years—two hundred and fifteen dollars in all. The company had refused to pay on the ground of fraud, claiming that deceased had misstated his age in his application—claiming to be thirty-nine years old when he was really forty-four.

When it was called a youth of about eighteen years of age, pale and slight of frame, with the air of student written all over his face, rose to his feet and said:

"Ready for the plaintiff?"

The judge, who was a gray-haired veteran of the bench, looked at him in amazement, as did a score of lawyers present. He took up the papers and looked at them, then at the youth over his glasses.

"I see the name of Whitney on these papers as counsel for the plaintiff," he said. "Are you Whitney?"

"Yes, your honor. My name is Walt Whitney, and I prepared all the papers in this case."

"When were you admitted to the bar?" the judge asked.

"Four months ago, your honor. Here is my commission," and the youth drew from his coat pocket his commission as attorney, issued in another court, and handed it up to the judge. The latter glanced over it, handing it back with the remark:

"Pardon me. I was surprised at seeing one of your age appear in this court. Is the defendant ready for trial?" and he looked over at a tall, dignified, old lawyer, as he asked the question. The latter rose to his feet and said:

"The defendant is not ready, may it please the court. We ask for a continuance of the case, as we have been so busy

with a case in a higher court we have had no time to get ready to try this one at this time."

The judge looked at young Whitney inquiringly.

"May it please your honor," said the youth, "the defendants advertise in their literature that they have over fifty million dollars of surplus capital and the best legal talent that money can procure. They have counsel by the score, and money pours into their coffers from all over the land, mostly from the poor. They had notice of this case, and have put in their answer. It is their custom to ask for delay in all cases against them, for the purpose of forcing poor, moneyless suitors to accept a pittance in the way of compromise. The plaintiff in this case is a poor widow with five small children to care for, and scrubs floors and windows to earn a support. She is too poor to hire counsel, and hence I, a nephew, appear here for her without pay. I presume counsel for defendant gets many thousands a year for his services, yet he can't be ready to try a small case like this. I protest against a postponement, your honor, and demand that this rich corporation, which has been taking the money of the plaintiff for eight years past, be compelled to face the court and jury and show cause why they should not pay this widow and her orphans."

"May it please the court," said the stately lawyer, "counsel for plaintiff is mistaken when he states that it is the custom of my clients to seek delay in such cases, and——"

"Pardon me, your honor, for interrupting counsel!" exclaimed young Whitney. "It is our record in this very court that within the past three years there have been twenty-two cases similar to this one against the defendant, and in every single case a postponement was asked for. Will counsel deny it?" and he looked at the stately old lawyer as he asked the question. The judge himself was staggered, and the old lawyer turned red in the face.

"Is that the record?" the judge asked young Whitney.

"Here is the list of the cases, your honor—copied from the records," and he handed up a sheet of paper as he spoke. The judge looked over and then passed it to the insurance lawyer, asking:

"Is that correct? If it is I must express astonishment, to

say the least, and say that this court will not consent to such a record being made here."

The old lawyer said he could not remember the cases, as many of them had been attended to by his assistants.

"If the record is not correct, your honor," put in young Whitney, "then the clerk of this court should be dismissed, for that is a copy from his books. I expected that delay would be asked for, and came here loaded to meet it."

"Loaded to the muzzle," said the judge. "The case is on, and must be tried."

It was the first time in his legal career the stately old lawyer was rattled, and a titter ran round the court-room among lawyers and spectators.

"If your honor pleases," said he, rising to his feet, "we bow to the decision of the court. If counsel will consent to a delay of one day we shall meet him, though at a great disadvantage."

"Out of sympathy for the learned counsel, your honor, I will consent to his request, on condition that he agrees not to appeal from the decision of the jury."

Even the judge was staggered, and the old lawyer snorted contemptuously.

"That is a very unusual condition," the judge remarked, "and this court cannot enforce it. But if counsel for the defense consents to it no objection will be made."

"It is absurd," remarked the old lawyer.

"By no means," said young Whitney. "A rich corporation can appeal through all the courts till a poor suitor is tired out and starved into a compromise. I wish to guard against such a contingency—agreeing on behalf of my client to the same condition. Is the learned counsel afraid of a boy lawyer?"

"Does counsel for defense agree to the condition?" the judge asked.

"Yes, your honor."

"Then the case is set down for eleven o'clock to-morrow," said the judge. "Next case on the docket."

Young Whitney gathered up his papers very carefully and turned toward the widow, a plump-looking woman of forty dressed in black, saying:

"We'll go now, aunt."

"Give me your hand, young man," said an old lawyer, reaching out and grasping his hand. "That was the best card I ever saw played in this court."

"Thank you, sir. I knew what I had to contend against."

Other lawyers grasped his hand and shook it, and quite a number followed him out into the corridor. There one of them asked him where his office was.

"At my home, sir," he said. "I am not yet able to hire an office as I have but few clients as yet."

"This is your first case in this court, isn't it?" another asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you handled it well, I must say, as Benham ranks high in the profession."

"I had plenty of time in which to prepare for it," he replied.

"How old are you?"

"I am eighteen years old, sir."

"Well, here is my card. I have a fine library, and if you wish to use any of my books you are welcome to do so."

"Thank you, sir. I have but four books, but a friend let me use his. I shall be glad to call on you."

He tendered his arm to his aunt, and led her down-stairs and out to a street car. Mrs. Horan was in great glee.

"Oh, Walt," she said, "how you did worry that old lawyer! Everybody was so surprised!"

"I think I beat him," he said. "But we'll have a hot fight to-morrow."

They rode up-town to a tenement house district, to a little home of four rooms, where young Whitney's mother lived. She, too, was a widow, but Walt was her only child. He had earned five dollars a week at office work while studying law at night.

"And the judge seemed so pleased with him, too," she added, "and a lot of other lawyers shook hands with him and said he had beaten the old man."

Mrs. Whitney's eyes rested lovingly on the pale face of her boy, as she listened to her sister.

"Do you think you can win the case, Walt?" she asked him.

"Yes, mother, and I think it will bring me other cases, too."

"Oh, I hope so," she sighed. "I don't see how we can hold out much longer."

CHAPTER II.

HOW WALT SURPRISED THE COURT.

The next day when the insurance case was called the space allotted to the bar in the court-room was packed with lawyers. The news that old Benham had been worsted by a boy lawyer had spread into many offices, and the lawyers wanted to see how it would end before the jury.

Young Whitney put in the policy on the life of Terrence Horan and all the receipts for the premiums paid during the eight years it had been running. The insurance company admitted the correctness of the policy, but claimed it had been obtained by fraud, in that the deceased had misstated his age by five years, which fact made the claim invalid. Mrs. Horan was called to the witness chair, and she swore that her husband was forty-seven years old at the time of his death. She told how long they had been married, how many children they had, and many other things that lawyers ask witnesses to tell before a jury. When she produced her family Bible, which her husband had bought when their first child was born, in which he had written down his date of birth, with hers also, and date of their marriage, following it up with the records of births and deaths in the family during about twenty years of married life.

Then Benham, the insurance lawyer, began to cross-examine her.

"Who wrote the record of your family in this Bible?" he asked her.

"My husband, Terry," she replied.

"You are sure of that?"

"Yes, sir. I saw him write the most of it, and it's all in his handwriting."

"And is that all you know about his age?"

"That will do," and she stepped down from the stand.

Then four different men went upon the stand and swore they had known Terry Horan from infancy, that he was more than fifty years old at the time of his death. Two said they went to school with him and knew he was older than they were—had often heard him say so. Said one:

"I am fifty-two years old now, and we were both born the same year, for we had often talked about it."

It seemed rather a clear case against the widow, but young Whitney took the witnesses in hand and asked the first one how old he was.

"I am fifty-four years old," he said.

"How do you know you are?"

"Why, I know when I was born!"

"You do—of your own knowledge?"

"Yes, I do."

"You recollect the time, I s'pose?"

"Yes—of course, I recollect my birth."

Even the judge roared with laughter, and old Benham corrected the witness by saying:

"You mean the date of your birth?"

"Yes, sir."

"Of course you were there at the time," said Walt.

"Yes—I was there."

"And so you recollect all about it, being an eye witness?"

"Yes, sir," and again a general laugh went round.

"That will do," said Walt.

The next witness was more cautious. He said he was fifty-one years old by the record.

"What record?"

"The family record in the old Bible," was the reply.

"Is that all you know about it?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's hearsay evidence given by your father, is it not?"

"And my mother. I believe she was there at time."

"And you, too, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yet you don't recollect the event yourself?"

"No, sir. I was too young."

"Very good. You've told the truth for once."

Then young Whitney turned to address the jury. He was very pale but cool and self-possessed, and his voice clear and resonant:

"May it please the court and gentlemen of the jury!" he said. "Eight years ago an agent of this defendant corporation went to Terry Horan, the husband of my client, an honest, hard-working man, who feared God and loved his wife and children, and told him if he would pay a certain sum every year the defendant would pay his widow one thousand dollars at his death—no matter when that might be. He showed him documents to prove that said defendant was rich—very rich—with millions upon millions of dollars with which to make his promises good. He thought it his duty to do so, and went with the agent to the medical man whom the company employed to examine applicants for insurance on their lives. The doctor found him a strong, hearty man, and advised the company to insure him, saying he was a safe risk. Many questions were asked him, and his answers were written down in his application. He gave his age at thirty-nine years, just as he put it down in his family Bible twenty years before. He paid the money and received the policy of insurance on his life—the defendant's contract with him. For eight years he saved up the money with which to pay the defendant, though at times it was hard—very hard to do so. Suddenly he was cut down in the prime of his manhood, leaving nothing to his widow and orphans but this contract with defendant for the sum of one thousand dollars, which he had paid for. Now the defendant refuses to pay, claiming that the deceased had falsely given his age as thirty-nine years when it was really forty-four. Now, gentlemen of the jury, if he did make a false statement my client can have no claim on the defendant, for he so agreed in his application. We can understand that sometimes men's greed tempts them to swear falsely, even in courts of law. Was the deceased so tempted? Did Terry Horan make a false statement in his application for insurance to save the small sum of about four hundred dollars a year in the amount he would have to pay? Was he tempted to do so? Counsel for defendant says he was. Now, gentlemen of the jury, he made the same statement twelve years before he applied for insurance. Here it is," and he took up the Horan family Bible and turned to the family record. "Here he wrote the date of his birth, his wife's age, and the date of the birth of his first born—which makes him thirty-nine years old at the time he applied for insurance on his life. If he tried to defraud the defendant in his application, whom did he try to deceive or defraud in this record?"

This is the Holy Bible," and he held it up above his head as he spoke. "It is the sacred volume in every household in the land. It is the solace of the Christian the world over. It is the guide for the weary pilgrims down the stormy pathway of life. In it are written words that fall upon the ears of dying men and women to comfort and cheer them as they pass through the waters of the deep, dark, mysterious river of death. It is your honor's home. Between its sacred pages are written the records of your family—and so with you, gentlemen of the jury, and with my humble home. The learned counsel, too, probably has it—reverse it as a Holy Book. When Terry Horan's first born came into his humble home he saw he had a family. He bought this Bible and wrote down the record of the beginning of it—in the Book of God. Here are births after births—and here a great shadow of grief and woe in a few brief words—the death of a loved child—the record of an empty chair—of broken hearts, and a little mound far out in the city of the dead. There is nothing more sacred in this book to the widow of Terry Horan than these lines penned by him with the hand that now lies cold upon his breast."

Here the widow shrieked in agony of grief, and had to be borne from the court-room by loving friends, and it was full five minutes ere he could resume. The judge, jurors and many lawyers were in tears."

"Now, gentlemen of the jury, if his statement was false in his application for insurance, it was false in this family record begun twelve years before. Do you believe either is false? Witnesses for defendant told their ages on the stand, and all stood by the old Bible record. I don't doubt their truth. I only doubt their statements about the age of Terry Horan—all hearsay and indefinite. They were badly coached. One witness swore he was present at his birth, and recollected it well. Wonderful memory. Wonderful witness. His counsel will say he was confused—rattled. I grant it. Counsel himself was rattled when the case was ordered to trial, and will be more so when you render your verdict, gentlemen of the jury."

He sat down, and a burst of applause greeted him, but it was quickly suppressed.

Benham spoke half an hour and made a fine speech. But it seemed to fall on listless ears. Juries have little sympathy for corporations. Walt replied in a ten minutes' speech which was said to be the most effective one ever heard in that court-room. His sarcastic retorts were stinging, and the old lawyer grew white in the face.

The jury found for the widow without leaving their seats, and again applause burst forth—to be quickly suppressed by the court.

CHAPTER III.

THE ASSAULT.

When the verdict was announced young Whitney turned to his aunt and offered his hand. She sprang up and caught him round the neck, kissed him and then dropped back into her seat. His mother embraced him, her heart full of pride and joy over the victory he had won.

Then lawyers crowded around to shake his hand. An old lawyer extended his hand to his mother and said:

"Madam, I congratulate you on the future of your son. That was the most effective speech I ever heard made to a jury."

"Thank you, sir. I didn't dream he could talk that way. But he has been such a reader and student. He works hard all day and studies till long after midnight. He is a good son."

"That is saying a good deal, madam—a good deal, indeed!"

He escorted his mother and aunt down to the street, and over toward the street cars. Just as they were about to enter a car a man ran up, seized him by the collar, and hissed at him:

"Coached, was I! Take that, you young whelp!" and he dealt him a blow that laid him senseless at his mother's feet.

The two women screamed, and a crowd instantly collected.

"Oh, he has killed him—my son—my Walt!" cried Mrs. Whitney, wringing her hands as she knelt by him.

An officer forced his way into the crowd and asked:

"What's the trouble? What's the matter with him?"

"Oh, sir, a man came up and knocked him down!" cried Mrs. Whitney.

"Where is he, or who is he?"

But no one knew.

The man vanished immediately on giving the blow.

Two men raised Walt to his feet and found him unable to stand, so they bore him to a store across the street. The officer and the crowd followed.

In the store Mrs. Horan recovered herself and said to the officer:

"The man who struck him is named Doyle. He was a witness at the trial in the court-house to-day."

Then he managed by questioning her to get enough information to lead to more. He went to the court-house and got Doyle's name and address.

In the meantime Walt came to and told his mother that the man who struck him was named Doyle—one of the witnesses for the insurance company.

"Yes, yes; I remember him now," said his mother. "He was the man who said he recollected the day he was born."

"Yes, he is the one," said he. "We can go home now," and he went out and the three entered a street car. An hour later they were in their humble home.

Walt went to bed and soon fell asleep. He was both tired and sore. But the two sisters, both widows, watched over him with no little anxiety.

"Elsie," said Mrs. Horan to Walt's mother, "when I get my money from the insurance company, I'll give Walt one hundred dollars so he can hire an office. I'll have that man Doyle arrested, too, if it costs me another hundred. Oh, what a grand speech he made! He'll be a great lawyer some day—maybe a judge—who knows?"

When Walt awoke he was feeling dreadfully sore from the effect of the stunning blow he had received. One side of his head was swollen and it pained him not a little.

The next day he awoke to find he had made a name for himself. The papers spoke of his speech as a marvel in its way, and the tact he displayed in the case against the insurance company a mark of genius. Then came accounts of the assault by one of the company's witnesses and his subsequent arrest by the police.

"Mother, they have got Doyle!" he called out to her as she was at work in the kitchen.

"Oh, I'm so glad! What will they do with him?"

"He may go up the river—if I appear against him."

"You will do that—won't you?"

"Yes. But I must go to the police court and see that he does not get off on a disorderly conduct charge."

As soon as he got his breakfast he hurried to the police station. There he told the captain he was the one Doyle had attacked.

"You are the boy lawyer, eh?" said the captain.

"Yes. I am Walt Whitney."

"Well, you made a hit yesterday."

"Yes, and so did Doyle—a harder one than I did. Can I see him?"

"Yes," and the captain led him to Doyle's cell.

"Here's a lawyer to see you, Doyle," said the captain, as he opened the cell door.

Doyle was pale and repentant, and when he saw Walt he said:

"I hope you won't hold any grudge against me. I lost my temper."

"Look at my head and face, and tell me what you would do were you in my place?" said Walt.

"I am sorry. I lost my temper and had two drinks just before I met you on the street."

"But my mother and aunt were with me when you struck me. Only a brute would have done that. I intend to see that you get the full penalty of the law."

"I am sorry, sir. I didn't know what I was doing."

"You had no just cause to strike me."

"You said I was coached."

"I said that of all four of you, and the judge and jury believed it was true."

"Well, I wasn't, though," said the prisoner.

Just as Walt was about to turn away from the cell a man came up whom he recognized as one of old Benham's assistants in the defense of the insurance company.

"Ah! You here, Whitney?" greeted the lawyer.

"Yes. I came to see if they had the right man who assaulted me."

"Well, is he the one?"

"Yes—it's your man, Doyle."

"Well, it's bad business—bad business, and when I read of it in the paper this morning I came to see what it all meant."

"I lost my temper, sir," explained Doyle, "after taking two big drinks, and didn't know what I was doing."

"Yes—yes—very foolish indeed. Of course you have apologized to Mr. Whitney?"

"Yes, sir—yes, sir."

"That's right, and Mr. Whitney certainly won't refuse to accept it," and he looked at Walt as he spoke.

"I certainly won't accept it," said the young lawyer. "I had my mother and aunt on either side of me, when he brutally knocked me senseless to the pavement."

"Well, as he was a witness of ours, we naturally want to settle the matter to your satisfaction, though we are in no wise responsible for it. Let the matter stand over a day. If you will call at our office to-day, you will receive the money due your client. Bring the policy with you to be cancelled."

"All right. I'll call at eleven o'clock to-day."

"That will do," and Walt then bowed and went back home. His aunt was overjoyed when she learned that the money was to be paid that day.

At eleven o'clock Walt called at the office of the company's legal adviser and presented the policy. It was promptly paid by a check made payable to Mary Horan. He receipted for it as her attorney.

"Now, Whitney," said the lawyer, who had met him at the police station that morning, "one of our witnesses assaulted you yesterday. He seems to be a fellow not given to drink. We hold ourselves in a measure responsible to you for damages, and if you will name a reasonable sum as compensation for the blow we will pay it and end the matter."

"You know well enough that such a settlement can't be made, sir," said Walt.

"You are mistaken. No complaint or legal proceedings have been begun yet. You can simply let the matter drop and that will be the end of it."

That was true, and the temptation to settle was strong, for he needed money badly.

"Will one hundred dollars satisfy you?" the lawyer asked.

"No. He must be punished. I could not face my mother again if I let him go," and he started to leave the office.

"That is vindictiveness and unworthy of you, Whitney."

"It is justice and law. He has been arrested. If I let him go I'd rather do it without compensation," and again he started to leave.

The lawyer sprang to the door, locked it and said:

"We must settle this matter here and now, Whitney."

CHAPTER IV.

HOW WALT SETTLED DOYLE'S CASE.

When Walt heard the key turn in the lock he knew he was confronted with a peril of some sort. They were in the little office alone, and the corporation lawyer was a stalwart man physically. Walt looked at him, and for the first time noticed his square jaw and the firm set mouth. There was the expression of the tiger in his eyes.

"We must settle it right here and let the matter drop," said the lawyer, whose name was Treadwell.

"Do you mean to say I've got to settle it whether I wish to or not?" Walt asked.

"Oh, no. I mean that we want to settle and stop the talk about a witness of ours assaulting you. It will hurt the business of the company. We are willing to pay you damages for what you have suffered. It won't reflect on you at all, as he will be fined in the police station after apologizing to you."

"But where will his punishment come in? I confess to a feeling of revenge."

"He'll have to pay his fine—say ten dollars for disorderly conduct."

"Won't you pay it for him?"

"No. He will never know of the settlement we make with you, as it would injure the company to have it known. You hurt us badly in court yesterday, and the press has made capital out of it, hence the company wants to stop it."

Still Walt hesitated. He knew he could legally settle it that way, as no papers had been put in against the prisoner other than that sent up by the police. While he was thinking about it Treadwell said:

"We'll give you two hundred dollars in the way of damages to let it drop."

"Very well—I'll do it."

"Write a receipt for the money and I'll give it to you."

"No—no receipt," and he shook his head—"nor check, either."

Treadwell looked cool and determined, and said:

"I must have a receipt."

"I won't give it!" and Walt showed a degree of firmness that surprised the lawyer.

"Wait a moment," said the latter, and he left the room through a door that led into another office. He was gone ten minutes, and when he returned he had the money in his hand. He gave it to Walt, saying:

"You will appear in the police court to-morrow at ten o'clock and receive the apology of Doyle. The judge will fine him and that will be the end of it—is it so understood?"

"Yes," said Walt.

"Very well. I'll be there, too."

Walt went away and inside of another hour his aunt had the check for one thousand dollars insurance on the life of her husband.

He did not mention the settlement of the assault case to his mother or aunt. But he did say that Doyle would be ar-

raigned in the police court the next morning and that he would be there.

That satisfied them.

Mary Horan gave him a hundred dollars for his services, and he returned half of it to her, saying it was enough.

The next day when Doyle was up in the police court charged with disorderly conduct he acknowledged his guilt and begged Whitney's pardon. He was fined ten dollars, and went away after paying it.

"You let that fellow off very cheap," said a policeman to Walt, as he turned to leave.

"Yes, he deserved severe punishment, but he will be more careful in the future, I guess.

"Some men would have sent him up the river," remarked the policeman.

"Yes, no doubt, and he'll probably land there yet. He seems to be a hard case," and with that he passed out and made his way down-town in quest of a little office.

He did not succeed in finding one at a rent he could pay, so he returned home.

"Walt, there's a young lady waiting here to see you," said his mother. "She is in the front room."

"What does she want, mother?"

"She wants a lawyer."

He went into the little sitting-room, and a beautiful young lady about his own age, arose and looked inquiringly at him.

"You wish to see me?" he said, bowing low to her.

"Are you Walt Whitney?"

"Yes, that's my name. Take a seat and tell me what I can do for you?"

"My name is Bessie Hamil. My father was injured on the elevated railroad two years ago, and has been in bed ever since, his spine being permanently injured. His lawyers began suit a few months after the accident, but have never been able to get it to trial. It has been postponed twice, and now it is to come up next week, but our lawyers say it will have to be again postponed on account of the illness of the senior member of the firm. We are in despair over the long delay. Mother sent me to see the junior partner this morning. He says he is no jury lawyer, and that if he goes to trial without his partner we'll lose the case. I then begged him to get you to speak to the jury, and he asked me to see you and have you call on him. Will you do it?"

"They are the firm of Hill & Graham. I will go to their office with you right now, if you wish. Oh, we are so anxious about the case."

"I will go with you at once," said he, and in a few minutes they were on the way down-town to the law offices of her counsel.

Graham greeted him kindly, saying as he extended his hand to him:

"I heard you in the insurance case the other day, and must say you made a fine speech."

"Thank you, sir," he replied, as he sat down. "Miss Hamil has asked me to call and see you."

"Yes, Mr. Hill is very sick, and he has done all the jury work. I am no speaker. If you can do the talking the case can go to trial on Wednesday. By that time I can give you all the points just as we have them. Will you take hold of it?"

"Yes, if you really think it best for the case."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" exclaimed Miss Hamil, bursting into tears of relief.

"Then come here to-morrow and look over the papers, lists of witnesses, and everything else bearing on the case. I have all the law points marked covering the questions involved, and will examine the witnesses myself."

"How much are you suing for?"

"Fifty thousand dollars," said Graham, "and our fee will be twenty-five per cent. Ten per cent. will go to you of all recovered."

"Very well—I shall be only too glad of the chance to appear in the case at all," and he arose to leave. Miss Hamil went out with him. Said she:

"You must come and see us—see father and mother—so you can speak more knowingly of him and his terrible suffering. Here is our address," and she gave him her card as she spoke.

CHAPTER V.

THE GREAT CASE OF HAMIL.

Walt went home feeling more elated than ever before in his life, for he felt that a golden opportunity had come to him.

"It may make my fortune," he said to himself, "for it will attract public attention, and the press will speak of it every day during the trial."

Mrs. Whitney was overjoyed at the news. She urged him to buy himself a new suit of clothes before calling at the Hamil residence. He promised to do so, and did so the next day before going to the office of Hill & Graham. He was at once shown into a private office, and all the papers in the case laid on the desk before him. He was left to read them over; then Graham told him what certain witnesses would swear to, following it up with many passages of law bearing on the case, together with court decisions in similar cases. He spent the entire day there, and Graham was amazed at his application.

Three days later he had all the case at his command.

In the meantime he visited the Hamils and saw and talked with the injured man, who was but forty years old, a splendid business man with a refined family, consisting of a wife and three children, Bessie being the eldest. He had made quite a little fortune as a merchant, and owned three houses worth about seventy thousand dollars in all.

Mrs. Hamil was much impressed with the quiet, pale-faced, young lawyer, and begged him to call each evening to cheer up her husband and tell them of the trial as it progressed.

The day set for the trial came and Walt was on hand with Graham. Lawyers looked surprised, and asked if he was in the case.

"Yes," said Graham. "Hill is sick and can't appear. I have retained him to do the jury work."

The news went round the court-room and many lawyers shook their heads, saying:

"Graham has made a mistake; there will be many knotty points of law, and the company have some of the best counsel in the city."

"But it will be interesting," said others.

"Yes, no doubt, but Hamil will lose."

The case had been twice postponed, and the lawyers for the company were going to ask for another continuance till they heard that Hill was sick and that Graham and the boy lawyer were going to fight it. Then they decided to go to trial.

When the case was called both sides reported ready, and the work of choosing a jury began. It was soon finished, and Graham proceeded to put in all the evidence for his side. A formidable array of physicians were on hand to tell of Hamil's injuries, as he could not be brought into court. Witness after witness was examined, and young Whitney sat at a table, pen in hand, and made copious notes.

Suddenly a question of law as to the admission of certain evidence arose, and the leading counsel for the railroad, a man with a powerful voice and huge frame, made a fierce onslaught on the counsel for the plaintiff. Graham wrote a line on a slip of paper and passed it to Whitney. The latter read it and hastily opened a book of decisions by the high-

est court in the States and read it. When the counsel for the defense sat down Walt rose to his feet and said:

"May it please the court; the learned counsel's law is not as strong as his voice in this case."

There was a roar of laughter, for the big lawyer had made a tremendous noise in his talk. He laughed too—couldn't help it, and listened to the reading of the decision of the higher court, in the clear, silvery voice of the young lawyer. A profound silence reigned as he read, and when he had finished he looked up at the judge and said:

"Your honor, there is the law, clear and explicit, and all the roaring wind of the learned counsel cannot blow it away. The court is learned in the law, and I have too much respect for that learning to waste any time in trying to add to it. I submit it to the court that the evidence of the witness is admissible."

"And the court rules that it is admissible," said the judge, at the same time commending the brevity of the young counsel as worthy of emulation.

Oh, what a slap!

The strong-lunged counsel was dismayed at what he heard both from Whitney and the judge, and his face showed it so well the whole audience laughed.

"Does the court also rule that the personal remarks of counsel are admissible?" he asked.

"That is not a question of law," said the judge.

"It's a question of wind," said Whitney, and the crowd roared again.

The case went on, and for three days the examination of witnesses continued. Bessie Hamil and her mother sat close behind Walt and watched the proceedings with nervous anxiety. There were frequent tilts between counsel, and Walt gave such keen cuts and witty retorts that the opposing counsel began to fear him.

At last the examination of witnesses ended, and Walt arose to address the jury. The courtroom was packed to overflowing. Lawyers and judges came in from the other courts to hear him. They had suspected him of being loaded for the big, strong-lunged lawyer, and they wanted to hear him. By this time the other side had become uneasy.

"How long will counsel speak?" the judge asked him.

"I am unable to say, your honor," he replied.

"Then I suggest that the speaking be postponed till after dinner," said the judge, and it was done.

CHAPTER VI.

"A LIVING TOMB."

When court convened again there was a jam. Bessie Hamil and her mother sat near the table where Walt had his books and notes, and at another table nearby sat reporters for the press.

"May it please your honor," said he, as he rose to his feet, "I feel such a weight of responsibility resting upon me at this moment that I am scarcely able to stand up under it. I am the youngest member of this bar, and stand face to face with the heaviest, if not the oldest."

As the strong-lunged lawyer of the opposing counsel weighed nearly three hundred pounds, there was a laugh throughout the densely packed audience.

"But when I remember the victim for whom I appear I nerve myself to meet the responsibility to the best of my ability," and then turning to the jury, he began to array all the facts as developed by the evidence in an unbroken chain so that no link was missing. His voice was clear and res-

onant, and his flow of language was like music. He used simple words, and made no attempt at oratorical display, which made his speech all the more interesting.

When he reached evidence that had been disputed by the defendant's counsel his keen, cutting points were felt by all. At one point he said:

"Now, gentlemen of the jury, that one point is the stone that blocks the pathway of the defendant. Counsel will stop there and try to confuse you by roaring. He will blow a hurricane. But don't stop your ears. Listen, and let him blow himself out. The largest bellows ever made will collapse when the wind is out. When he has blown his best and the storm has subsided this one fact will still be there, with only the moss blown off."

How the crowd roared.

The big lawyer was livid with rage, and when he spoke he vented his wrath on the impudence of youth. He made a grand speech, which lasted for two hours. His voice was heard far out into the street, for he could not speak softly. He was aggressive in temperament, and gave way to his emotions and roared.

When he sat down Walt arose to reply, and for an hour kept the court and jury either in tears or convulsed with laughter. His eloquence at times was grand, lofty and thrilling. Then he appealed for justice—not vengeance or punishment.

"The best medical skill in all this great city has told you that my client's career as a stalwart man of business has closed forever!" he cried. "True, he lives, but it is a living death. His home—always his Heaven on earth—is now his tomb. Ministering angels of the household wait upon him lovingly, tenderly, tearfully, listening to the groans wrung from him by the pain they cannot suppress. Sunshine is no longer there. A great shadow rests upon the once happy home, and the gloom has still the merry voices of childhood. The loving daughter who sang for him nightly when he returned from business sings no more. Music has gone out of her heart, and a deep sorrow sits in its place. The bloom of the rose has faded from her cheeks, and a pallor born of nightly vigils at the bedside takes their place. Yes, gentlemen of the jury, it is a living death for all the household—is it not? Who is it that would exchange places with my client for the fifty thousand dollars we claim? He can never earn another dollar in the world of trade, but is ever, as long as he lives, to be a burden, a source of care and suspense. I ask for judgment at your hands for the full amount claimed."

He sat down amid a profound silence. He had saddened every heart by his terrible picture of Hamil's home—his living tomb; sobs were heard in many parts of the court-room, and Mrs. Hamil and her daughter were almost on the verge of fainting at times.

The judge charged the jury for half an hour, and then they retired to make up their verdict.

Then a rush of lawyers for Whitney took place. They shook his hand and said they had never heard such a speech before.

Suddenly they were startled by the return of the jury.

They had been out but eighteen minutes. They filed into their seats, and the clerk of the court called out:

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon a verdict?"

"We have," said the foreman.

"What is your verdict?"

"The jury finds for the plaintiff for the full amount claimed."

A storm of applause burst from the audience.

It took the court officers some time to suppress it.

Mrs. Hamil sank back in her seat almost in a fainting condition. Bessie sprang up and threw her arms round Walt's

neck and kissed him. Then she dropped back into her seat and burst into tears.

"It is your victory, Whitney," said Graham, shaking his hand.

"No, sir—it is your work. You prepared the ammunition," said Walt. "You left no loop anywhere. Oh, if I could but have such a guide in the future."

"Come to me, my boy, when you want aid and advice. Heaven knows I have faith in you."

"Thank you—thank you," said Walt, as he grasped his hand and shook it.

Counsel for the defendant, as soon as order was restored, gave notice of appeal on the ground of excessive damages.

"I'll meet you there, Goliath!" cried Walt, "with a sling and a smooth stone from the brook!"

Again a loud burst of applause followed. The court officers with difficulty suppressed it.

The judge became angry and threatened to fine everyone in the house if the cheering was repeated.

"Counsel for the plaintiff seeks cheap applause," remarked the leading counsel for the defendant.

"It is better to have the people roar for me than to roar for myself as the learned counsel does," retorted Walt, and the laugh served to restore order and good humor.

The court then adjourned for the day, and Walt turned to Mrs. Hamil and congratulated her on the verdict, saying:

"It is not excessive—the appeal will delay settlement, but it will be paid in the end."

"Oh, I hope so. It was such a grand speech you made. How I wish my husband could have heard it."

"It was perfectly lovely," said a young lady who was standing by Bessie Hamil's side. Her eyes expressed intense admiration. He turned and bowed his acknowledgment of the compliment, and Bessie introduced him to Miss Josie Merritt. He bowed again, and then said to Bessie:

"I am indebted to you for this chance to get into the Court House, and I shall never cease to look upon you as my good angel."

"I think we were extremely fortunate in securing your services, Mr. Whitney," she replied. "You will come up and see father again, will you not?"

"I shall be pleased to do so."

Graham then announced that the carriage for Mrs. Hamil was ready, and at once escorted her from the court-room. Walt went with the two young ladies and saw them placed in the carriage and driven away. He and Graham looked after the carriage till it was out of sight, and then the latter said:

"Whitney, this day's work will make your fortune."

"I hope so, sir, as I've had but a poor show in life so far."

"Why, my dear boy! Not one lawyer in a thousand ever had such an early and promising start in life as you have. This case will bring you business. You ought to have an office where people can find you."

"The rents are too high," and he shook his head.

"Make my office your headquarters for a while. I may be able to throw some business your way."

"Thank you, sir. I shall be glad to do so," and he shook hands with the lawyer as he spoke. Then they parted and he took a street car for his home up-town in the tenement district. As he turned the corner to go to his home he saw a crowd of people—mostly women and children. He went over to see what was the cause of the excitement, and found that a mother was trying to rescue her little boy who had been arrested by a policeman. The officer told her to let go of the boy, and when she refused he dealt her a blow on the head with his club that laid her senseless on the pavement.

"Kill the brute!" he cried, in a flash of indignation, and the

next moment a mob rushed upon the brutal clubber. He was beaten down to the ground as though a mountain had fallen on him.

CHAPTER VII.

WALT AND THE POLICE—"WHO ARE YOU, YOUNG MAN?"

Had not other officers come to his assistance the brutal clubber would have been beaten to death. The infuriated men and women jumped on him with their feet. A woman weighing two hundred and fifty pounds jumped on him, and he gave up the fight.

He was taken up unconscious by his brother officers, and sent to a hospital in an ambulance. The little boy whom he had arrested was taken home by his mother, and then it was found that his left arm had been broken by a blow of the locust.

There were many arrests made by the police among those who had taken part in the attack on the officer. Walt expected to be arrested, but as he had not been seen to strike a blow he was not. Though he had incited the riot and knew he would be held to account, he boldly admitted that he had called to the crowd to "kill the brute."

The next day the papers were lavish in their praises of his speech in the Hamil case, and he felt that he had started on the way to fame and fortune. His mother was happy, and treasured the papers as precious things.

He hurried to the police court as soon as he had his breakfast, to be a witness for the men and women who had been arrested the evening before. There was a crowd of them—all poor—very poor. He saw them all up in the court-room, and charges of rioting and disorderly conduct were being made against them.

"Your honor!" he called out to the magistrate, and every eye in the crowded court-room was turned on him. "I happened to be a witness of the trouble yesterday, and am here as a witness for these prisoners, and to volunteer to defend them as counsel. I——"

"Who are you, young man?" the magistrate asked, looking keenly at him.

"My name is Whitney—Walt Whitney. I live in the very block where this trouble occurred, and the majority of these people are my neighbors, though I am not personally acquainted with them.

On hearing the name the magistrate opened his eyes wide and listened to him. He had just read the news of his great speech of the day before, and was disposed to listen to him.

"Mr. Whitney," said he, "you can come forward and tell what you know about this case, of course. If your offer of service as counsel is accepted by the prisoners I shall not object. A lawyer can appear in this court only by permission of the court."

"I hope your honor will grant me permission to speak for these prisoners, as I make no charge for doing so. They are not able to hire lawyers or pay fines."

"Hiven bless the bye?" exclaimed an Irish woman among the prisoners.

"Well, the majority of lawyers who come here take all the money the prisoners can raise, and do them no good," said the magistrate. "Let the first case be called."

The first was a working man, and a policeman said he resisted arrest and was one of the rioters. He told his story, saying he had knocked down a policeman whom he saw clubbing a woman.

"You had no right to interfere with an officer in the discharge of his duty," said the magistrate.

"Now, your honor," said Walt, "let me be sworn as a witness for that man. I saw him strike the blow."

"Very well—the clerk will administer the oath," and he was sworn.

"Now tell your story."

"The officer whom the prisoner struck had hold of the right arm of a little boy whose left arm he had broken with his club," said Walt, and——"

"How old was the boy?" the judge asked.

"Some ten or twelve years old, your honor. He was screaming with pain, and his mother ran up and tried to take him away from the officer. He told her to let go of him. She did not do so and he gave her a blow on the head that laid her senseless on the pavement. Then the prisoner and a crowd of men and women attacked him. They ran over him, jumped on him and trampled him till he was rescued by other officers."

"Well," said the judge. "It seems to me you have made out a clear case against the prisoner."

"That is my evidence as a witness. I hope your honor will hear me now as counsel."

"Certainly—I am ready to hear you, for I believe you have told the exact truth."

"I fully intended to do so, your honor," said Walt, as he stood in front of the magistrate. "The charge against all the prisoners here is disorderly conduct and interfering with an officer in the discharge of his duty! Officer Kip is a six-foot, broad-shouldered man, probably weighing close on to two hundred pounds. Will your honor hold that he was in the line of duty when, with a blow with his club, he broke a little twelve-year-old boy's arm? Will the court hold that such a prisoner, an infant in law, could so resist the officer that it was necessary to break his arm with his club? The mother lies at home with a broken head. She was no stronger than her little boy, and even less able to interfere with a six-foot policeman. Was he in the line of duty when he brutally cracked her skull? Your honor, was not every man who aided in beating him to the ground to save the child's mother, in the strict line of duty as a protector of a woman from brutality? Is an officer's uniform a badge of immunity? Is his shield a license to break arms and heads of defenseless women and children? Were I to see a policeman cracking the head of a weak woman with his club I'd kill him to save the life of his victim. On the other hand, were I to see a strong man resisting an officer in the line of his duty, and about to overpower him, I would go to the assistance of the officer. It would be my duty as a good citizen to do so. If a policeman in uniform breaks into my house to plunder me I'd shoot him. If he cracks the heads of women whom he can take along by the hand without any exertion of physical strength, he should be beaten down by an indignant populace. Brutes in uniforms should be treated as brutes. Excess of authority when it assumes the form of brutality, is a crime. Kip is a criminal. The police board may dismiss him from the force; but I have pledged my soul to prosecute him to the full extent of the law for his brutality—if he leaves the hospital alive. Again I ask, was he in the discharge of duty when he clubbed women and children? Did not the prisoners do right in beating him to the earth as they did?"

He ceased speaking and the policemen in the court-room scowled fiercely at him. They had never heard such a speech as that before. Neither had the judge, who simply said:

"The prisoners are discharged."

The policemen were dumfounded when they heard it. An indignant mob had beaten one of their number almost to death, and his assailants were discharged! What would come next, they asked themselves.

When the prisoners left the court-room they made an effort to get at Walt and carry him away on their shoulders.

But the policemen gruffly ordered them to move on, and one of them said to him:

"So you are going to push Kip, are you?"

"Are you one of his friends?"

Walt looked him in the eyes as he asked the question.

"Yes—he is a good man."

"He is a coward and a brute," said Walt. "No good man ever strikes children or women."

"You're too fresh. You have lots to learn yet, young man," said the officer, turning away.

"Yes—yes—so I have. I have learned much to-day—very much," and Walt left the place followed by quite a crowd.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHAT WALT WHITNEY SAW.

When asked about the riot cases the police magistrate simply said that Officer Kip got what he deserved, and that he should be dismissed from the force and prosecuted.

Walt had given him a different view of such cases and he was man enough to decide that way. It created quite a sensation in police circles and the press discussed it for many days. The police declared that it was an encouragement to mobs and lawless characters. But some of the papers said that if mobs hanged a few Kips to lamp-posts there would be less clubbing of women and children.

"Whitney," said Lawyer Graham to him a few days later, "I fear you have made a mistake, for you have made all the police your enemies, and they can do a man a deal of harm."

"I don't expect to do police court practice," he replied.

"That's right. There is no money in it. But they can do a deal of harm to a man when they choose to do so. You will have to be on your guard hereafter, as they will club you and swear hard against you."

"Oh, I never have anything to do with them," he said, "and have no desire to. Do you wish me to follow up the case to the Court of Appeals?"

"Yes. Mrs. Hamil and her daughter have asked me to have you do so. Mr. Hill may be able to appear then, as it will be months before it can be heard. They have great faith in you."

"I am glad to hear it, and hope I shall be able to keep their good opinion."

"Yes; of course. Mr. Hamil wants to see you as soon as you find time to call on him."

"I can do that any evening."

"Then go up this evening. I will notify the family that you will do so."

He went there in the evening and met a cordial welcome from both mother and daughter. Mr. Hamil had quite a long talk with him, and said that his wife and daughter insisted that his speech had won the case.

"I want you to go up to the Court of Appeals when the case is reached and plead it there. Mr. Graham will prepare all the law points for you. They are all very learned men in that court, but I think that one so young as you before them will make them lean to our side. If you need any money you can have it. Have you any practice at all?"

"I have never had but two cases—yours and my aunt's," he replied.

"You didn't get much from her, and have had none from me as yet. Bessie, tell mother to give Mr. Whitney a check for two hundred and fifty dollars."

Bessie went to her mother, and soon returned with the check, gave it to Walt, saying as she did so:

"I think that is little enough."

"He can have more when he wants it," said her father. "And now take him into the parlor and play and sing some for him, Bessie."

"It won't disturb you, father?" she asked.

"No—no. I am quite free from pains to-night."

She led the way into the parlor, where she sat down at the piano and played and sang for nearly an hour. He listened in silence, and thought her voice the sweetest he had ever heard.

"Do you sing?" she asked him.

"No—yet I am very fond of music. I've never had time to learn to sing."

"I should think you could sing well, for I thought your voice very melodious while you were speaking."

"Some day I may try to sing. I can't spare the time now."

After some more talk he took leave of her and left the house. It was then nearly eleven o'clock. He walked up the street toward the avenue where he was to take the car downtown.

Four doors from the Hamil residence stood a very fine house with a high stoop. Just before he reached it a tall, well-dressed man came out from under the stoop, apparently in great haste, and walked fast up the street in the same direction Walt was going. The latter noticed that he carried a small handbag, and thought he was probably a member of the household, who was going somewhere in a hurry, but wondered why he should leave the basement. They both got on the same car, and Walt sat in front of the man, where he had a good look at his face. He seemed very nervous, and kept looking at the street numbers as the car progressed. Suddenly he sprang up and left the car.

The next day the whole city was shocked over a mysterious murder of an old, wealthy citizen, named Langdon, living at No. — West 84th street. The members of the household had gone to the opera, and left the old man alone. When they returned they found him dead on the floor of his library, with the marks of finger imprints on his throat. Doctors who examined the body, declared that he had been strangled. No evidence of burglarious entrance could be found by the police, and the whole tragedy seemed enshrouded in impenetrable mystery.

When he first read the account of the murder in the paper Walt failed to notice the number of the house in which it occurred. He told his mother about it while at breakfast, and she asked him where it was.

"Up-town in ——" and he stopped to find the number of the house ——"84th street No. ——" and then he gave a start.

"Why that's right near where you were last night?" she exclaimed in no little excitement.

"Yes—just four doors from the Hamils," he said, and then he was silent for some minutes. He ate his breakfast in silence and was about to leave the table when his mother asked him about his visit to the Hamils.

"It was very pleasant," he said. "They gave me a check for two hundred and fifty dollars, and the money is yours—when I get it out of the bank."

"Oh, Walt!" she exclaimed, rising to her feet, "what a fortune to us that is! And to think you earned it by your own hard work!" and she threw her arms round his neck and kissed him in her joy. "We can now move out of these miserable rooms."

"Yes, mother. You can hunt up another home as soon as you please. I think we can get along now. Mr. Graham has promised to throw some business in my way."

He went into the little front room and sat down to read the account of the Langdon murder again. After reading it carefully the second time, he said to himself:

"He was the man—I am sure of it, and I know him again. He was nervous—very nervous—and in haste to get somewhere. His coming out of the basement door caused me to notice him at the time," and then he was in deep thought

for some time. "It might be a clew for the police, but they are all down on me. I'll wait—I'll wait and see what comes of it."

CHAPTER IX.

THE MYSTERY UNRAVELS.

When Walt called at Graham's office that day, the latter remarked to him:

"You were up in the neighborhood of the Langdon murder last night."

"Yes—within four doors of it—passed the door, in fact coming and going. I am alive yet, though."

"Yes—yes—lucky boy," laughed the lawyer. "I hope they will get some clew to the villain's identity."

"Yes—it was a cold-blooded murder. The papers did not say whether any valuables are missing."

"No, it was too late in the night to find out, I suppose. How did you find Mr. Hamil?"

"He seemed in better spirits than before the verdict, and was extremely kind to me, having his wife give me a check for two hundred and fifty dollars."

"Ah! I am glad of that," and the lawyer's face attested the truth of his words.

"Will you have it cashed for me?" Walt asked.

"Yes, of course," and Walt indorsed it and gave it to him. He sent it to the bank with his own indorsement, and the clerk soon came back with the money.

"Thank you," said Walt as he put the money into his pocket without counting it.

Then he looked at some law points bearing on the Hamil case which Graham had marked for him, spending the day at the office.

In the afternoon it was published that robbery was the motive of the murder of Langdon—that a big sum of money and a package of important papers were missing from the safe in the library, and among them the old man's last will and testament, which was known to be there.

Walt sat in the little private office of the law firm and read the whole story from beginning to end.

"What ought I to do about it?" he asked himself. "To tell the police would give it all away, and they are all so down on me they wouldn't believe it. Besides, I have no other witness. I'll have to think about it."

That evening he gave his entire fee of two hundred and fifty dollars to his mother and told her to get out of the neighborhood and furnish up a nice little home. Then he went to bed, but not to sleep. He lay awake nearly all night thinking over the matter. Finally he said:

"I'll tell Mr. Graham about it and follow his advice," and having reached that conclusion he went to sleep long after midnight.

The next morning the papers again discussed the mystery of the murder. The detectives were all at sea, with no clew to the tragedy.

Down in the little room, in the offices of Hill & Graham, Walt told the lawyer what he had seen. Graham was astounded.

"You must see the chief of police and tell him," he said.

"I don't like to have anything to do with the police. They would follow the clew and then try to connect me with it, as I am without any corroborative backing."

"Still, in the interest of justice, you should place your information in the hands of the police," returned Graham.

"Well, I'll think about it," he said, and then he prepared to leave the office.

"I want you to go up to the county clerk's office with me," remarked Graham, taking up a bundle of papers and putting on his hat. Walt waited for him and the two went down the

street together. As they were going across City Hall Park, Walt suddenly grasped Graham's arm, and said:

"There he goes! There's the man!"

"Where?" and Graham looked about him.

"That man with the sack suit and brown derby," and he pointed him out as he spoke.

"What! That man with the paper in his right hand?"

"Yes, yes; let's follow him!" and Walt pulled on his arm as he spoke.

"Nonsense, Whitney. I know that man. He is Lawyer Cruger. His office is in Nassau street."

"No matter. He is the man I saw come out of the Langdon house at eleven o'clock night before last. Come on, please," and he pulled so hard on his arm Graham went along with him. They soon saw him stop to talk to another man, and Walt passed close to him, taking a good look at his face.

"You say you know him?" he asked of Graham.

"Yes. He is a respectable lawyer, and has an office in Nassau street."

"Well, he is the man, Mr. Graham. I'll swear to it. He came out of the basement door with a handbag, and almost ran up to the street to catch a car. I took the same car and sat in front of him, so I had a good look at him. He is the man. Now that I have located him I shall say nothing to the police, but wait and see if anything points to him."

They turned and went on to the county clerk's office, where a few papers were filed.

"Now, Mr. Graham," said Walt, "as business is over for the day, let's go up to Eighty-fourth street and look at that stoop, so I can explain to you how I came to see what I did."

"Wait till after the funeral," said Graham, shaking his head. "That will be time enough. It would attract attention were we to do so now."

"I guess you are right," Walt said. "We'll wait. There's a big mystery somewhere connected with that murder."

The next morning Walt read in the papers that no clew to the murderer had yet been found. Then followed a bit of family history in which the romance of a daughter of the murdered man was told.

Eva Langdon was the youngest of three daughters of the old millionaire. She was a strong-willed beauty, fell in love with a fortune hunter and eloped with him after her father had told her he would disown her if she married him. He did disown her, disinherited her in his will, and after a few years her husband, Warden by name, despairing of handling any of the old man's money, deserted her. She then supported herself by teaching music, and, after years of hard struggles, sued for a divorce, Lawyer Cruger of Nassau street being her counsel. The paper stated that if the stolen will could not be found, the disowned daughter would come in for an equal share of the estate with her two sisters and a brother, who was then in Europe.

When he read the story Walt leaped to his feet and paced the room.

"The mystery is unraveling," he said to himself. "Cruger got the will of the old man for his client. What will he do with it? I wonder what Graham will think of this now? I'll hurry down to his office and see him," and soon after breakfast he was on his way down-town, more than an hour ahead of the lawyer.

When Graham came in he remarked to him:

"Whitney, you were right."

"Ah?"

"Yes—but say nothing about it at present. Just watch the case."

"That's what I was thinking of doing. It's getting interesting."

"Yes, very."

They exchanged ideas, and then went to work on a case for a jury trial on the following week. Walt was to speak to the jury in case it came to trial. He studied it closely for several days, and on the day before it was to come up, was in consultation over it with Graham, when the door opened, and a tall, dark-bearded man entered and called Graham by name. He looked up quickly, and Lawyer Cruger stood before him.

CHAPTER X.

WALT SHAKES HANDS WITH A MURDERER.

For a brief moment or two Walt looked for trouble, for Cruger gave him a searching glance before speaking again to Graham, who rose to his feet to meet him.

"Graham," said the visitor, "Mr. Bailey, counsel for Van Horn, has retained me to conduct the case in his absence in attendance on the Supreme Court in Washington. It is on the calendar to be called up to-morrow, but I have called to ask if you will consent to a postponement of trial to the October term of court?"

"I could not do so in justice to my client, Mr. Cruger," said Graham. "The case has already been postponed once at the instance of Bailey."

"Yes, he told me so, and said he really intended to go to trial to-morrow. But the case before the Supreme Court of the United States has vast interests involved which could not be neglected or delayed."

"But it is safe in your hands," said Graham. "Why should the case be delayed? I have had to engage my young friend Whitney here to look after it for me, my partner being very ill, you know. Do you know Whitney?"

"No, I've never had that pleasure," said Cruger, and Graham then introduced Walt to him. Walt rose to his feet and shook hands with him.

"I am glad to meet you, Whitney," said Cruger. "You have made a name for yourself in the Hamil case. Hope I shall not have the misfortune to run up against you in this case."

"Thank you," said Walt. "I hope the case will not be postponed, as I would then be out of a job. I am not yet crowded with business."

"Well, you seem to be crowding in pretty fast," remarked the other. Then he turned to Graham and added:

"I am sorry you cannot see your way clear to consent to a postponement. I thought it due you to see you personally about it before asking for it in open court."

"I thank you for the courteous consideration, but we shall be compelled to insist on the case going to trial. Delay is an injury to our client, while it does not hurt Van Horn," and Graham was very firm, though polite in his manner to the visitor.

Cruger went away evidently in no very pleasant frame of mind.

"You will have to fight for the trial, Whitney," Graham remarked to Walt when Cruger left.

"Yes, I expect that," replied Walt, "but as it has been put off once, we have the advantage."

A Mrs. Irwin, a rich widow, had sold a piece of property to Van Horn, up in Harlem, for twenty thousand dollars, receiving a residence in the country, with ten acres of land, out on Long Island in exchange for it. It turned out that the title to the country place was defective, and she sued for a return of her property, which Van Horn had sold to another party. It was a very much mixed-up case, and many points of law were involved.

But Graham was deep in the mysteries of the law, and had posted Walt on every statute covering the case.

When the case came up the next day Cruger, with Bailey's

assistance, pleaded for delay on account of Bailey's attendance on the Supreme Court at Washington. Mrs. Irwin and her daughter Lillian sat near Graham, listening to Cruger. Both were beautiful and richly dressed, the daughter being about seventeen years old, the mother probably forty, though she did not look it. They came in after court opened, and so were not introduced to Walt. In fact, they did not know that the boy lawyer had been retained in the case at all till they entered the court-room.

"May it please the court," said Walt, rising to reply to Cruger's plea for delay, "this case has been postponed once at the request of counsel for defendant, who has nothing to lose by delay. Before leaving for Washington Mr. Bailey retained the learned counsel who has just spoken to represent him in this case, hence he is here as his representative. Mr. Hill, of the firm of Hill & Graham, counsel for plaintiff, has been confined to his bed for weeks. But in order to protect the interests of his clients, and they are many, his partner retained me to assist him. This places counsel for both litigants on an equal footing. We are prepared to go to trial, and protest to any further delay. Our client is injured by defendant and seeks redress. Delay is the refuge of those who are called to account, and injures those who seek redress. It is doubly so in this case, your honor, where a widow and mother appeals for the strong arm of justice to protect her from a great wrong. Her natural protector has gone the way of all the earth, and she now looks to the courts of the land for protection. Defendant would gladly pay for delay, as it means money to him. Plaintiff can only wring her hands in despair when it is granted."

He sat down, and the judge said that the case would be called for trial the next day. Walt rose to his feet and bowed low to the court. Cruger looked annoyed, and Van Horn scowled, while the widow and her daughter smiled on the boy lawyer.

Graham arose to escort the mother and daughter from the court-room, motioning to Walt to follow him. He did so, and out in the corridor was introduced to the ladies. He made such a profound bow to the widow she was charmed, extending her hand to him and saying:

"I want to thank you for that nice little speech. It won, and the judge plainly showed how much he appreciated it."

"Thank you, madam. I hope I shall be as successful to-morrow," said he.

"Oh, I am sure you will," and then they all four went downstairs and out round to where her carriage was waiting for them. There they were assisted inside and were driven away.

"You will have a good friend in the widow if you win her case, Whitney," said Graham.

"I'll win it if I can," he replied, "for I want all the friends I can get. But I guess Van Horn or Cruger won't love me for it."

"Not much," laughed the lawyer, as he turned to re-enter the court house. Walt followed to see and hear the trial of other cases.

He heard Cruger in another case, and found that he was aggressive and bull-doing in his method of cross-examining witnesses.

"I'll have trouble with him to-morrow," he said to himself as he watched him. "But I see he is not a favorite of the judge."

CHAPTER XI.

WALT DEFENDS A POOR BOY IN COURT.

Walt had not been in his seat ten minutes before a case came up in which a youth of his own age was arraigned for assault with intent to kill. He was without counsel, not be-

ing able to pay for one, and the judge looked over at Walt. "Mr. Whitney," he said, "I will assign you as counsel for the prisoner. You can have one hour in which to question and advise him. Officer, take him to another room where counsel can confer with him."

An officer conducted the prisoner to another room, where Walt followed him. There he learned his story. He was a driver for a grocer, and had a sister who worked in a factory. A young man had been in the habit of standing on a street corner and annoying her as she went to and from her work, finally becoming very insulting in language and manner. She told her mother, and she informed the young brother. He was in a rage, and said he'd meet her at the factory that evening and escort her home. When she came out of the factory she saw he had a heavy stick in his hand, but said nothing about it. The young man, with a companion, was on the corner, and as they passed called out to her and made an insulting remark, at which his companion coarsely laughed. The brother, Tom Mann by name, turned and said:

"This is my sister. Did you intend that remark for her?"

"Yes. What are you going to do about it?"

"I am going to do this," and he gave him a blow on the head with the stick that laid him prone on his back. His comrade took to his heels, and then as fast as the fellow tried to rise Tom downed him till he was half dead, and had to be sent to the hospital. It turned out that he belonged to a well-to-do family, and they engaged counsel to prosecute young Mann to the bitter end. Tom was arrested and indicted.

That was the story in a nutshell, and his sister was there in court as a witness for him. On the other hand, the boon companion of young Crouch was there as a witness for him. There were a score of factory girls on hand to testify to the insults of Crouch.

When the hour was up Walt was ready for the trial, but as a case was then on he had to wait nearly another hour. Then young Crouch went on the stand and told his story. He claimed that he had been attacked and nearly killed by Mann without cause or provocation on his part. He hadn't done a thing, and was a paragon of innocence.

Then Walt went at him and asked him how old he was.

"I am twenty years old," he said.

"What do you do for a support?"

"I live with my parents."

"For a support?"

"I've lived with 'em all my life," he said.

"And do they support you—buy your clothes and give you spending money?"

"They don't charge me for any board, and give me my clothes."

"So you don't work or do anything for a living?"

"I am not doing anything just now. Times are dull."

"Did you ever work for a living?"

"I never had to. My parents have property, and I am not obliged to work."

"Your father works, does he not?"

"Yes."

"And your mother, too?"

"Only house work."

"And you just loaf around and let 'em work for you, eh?"

He did not answer the question, and Walt looked over at the jury. It was a clear case of a worthless youth who stood on street corners and insulted passers-by for amusement. Walt then took up the assault and questioned him about what he had said that provoked it. He denied having said anything improper at all, and claimed that Mann had attacked

him without any just cause or provocation. His companion corroborated him.

Then Mann's sister told how he had repeatedly followed her and tried to force his attentions on her, and when she repulsed him he resorted to insulting and vile language. A half dozen girls told the same story.

Then the gray-haired old lawyer proceeded to make the speech for the prosecution, and he spoke for over an hour, denouncing the prisoner as a young thug dangerous to be at large in the community.

When Walt rose up to speak, his first sentence created a sensation.

"May it please the court and gentlemen of the jury," he said. "For the last three years I worked six days in the week to support a widowed mother, and seven nights of each week I read and studied law till long after midnight, that I might be fitted to appear in a court of justice in a case like this; to defend a brother who avenged an insult to his sister. I am profoundly grateful to the court for the honor of defending this prisoner. Indeed, I feel honored far beyond my deserts in appearing before so profound a jurist, surrounded by legal lights of such high standing as are assembled here to-day. Youth is no crime—you have passed through all its stages, gathering knowledge and experience by the way. The principals in this case are both young, and the counsel for the prosecution is, perhaps, older than all three of us put together, and a pity it is he should live so long to have such a client. By his own evidence his client is a common loafer who never works. By the testimony of his employer we know that the prisoner is an honest, industrious youth, working twelve hours a day for five dollars a week. His sister earns the same amount weekly, to say nothing of the insults of the two vile loafers, who constantly lay in wait for her as she went to and from her work. Heaven pity the parents of Crouch. They are good people, but they have sinned against their offspring. They should have drawn his shirt every night, and administered nine and thirty lashes with a rawhide till he consented to work, and make an honest, respectable man of himself. Indulgent parents have sent more men to prison than all the temptations of earth. Men have stood under the gallows, and blamed their parents for their fate. Heaven pity and have mercy on such misguided parents. More power to the good right arms of all brothers like Tom Mann. He did what each of you would have done, gentlemen of the jury! What your honor would have done—what I would have done. We read in Holy Writ that the Lord God breathed upon the sleeping host of Sennacharib, and all perished in a single night. Oh, that a like fate should overtake insulters of women and girls throughout the land! Gentlemen of the jury, I ask you to acquit my client—set him free with the seal of your approval!"

He sat down and the judge proceeded to charge the jury. He took but five minutes to do so, and the jury rendered a verdict of not guilty without leaving their seats. It was another triumph for the boy lawyer. The young sister sprang up, threw her arms round his neck and kissed him. He blushed and said:

"I am glad for your sake."

Then young Mann extended his hand to him. He grasped it and said:

"Strike harder next time, my boy!"

"You bet I will."

CHAPTER XII.

"THEY TRIED TO DO ME UP."—WALT'S VICTORY IN COURT.

On leaving the court-room Walt met young Crouch out in the corridor, and the latter hissed at him:

"I'll see you again, Whitney!"

"There's no law against you looking for anybody," returned Walt, as he passed on down to the street.

That evening as he was leaving his house to take the cars to go up-town to call on the Hamils two young men sprang upon him from a doorway, and made a furious attack on him. He was knocked down, and one of the assailants went down with him. He rolled quickly over and fell into the gutter. The next moment the one who fell with him gasped out:

"Oh—oh—don't Ed—it's me!"

His pal had cut him twice with an ugly knife. The next moment two stalwart workingmen came out of a saloon and seized his pal and wrenched the knife from him. He fought savagely to get away, but they held him, and a crowd gathering, an officer soon appeared and took charge of both him and the wounded man. The latter was sent to the hospital and the former was taken to the police station. On the way he kept saying:

"It was all a mistake—he was my friend! I didn't mean to hurt him."

At the station he was found to be in disguise. He refused to give his name. Walt followed to make a charge against him. He told his story, as did two witnesses who saw the attack. When the disguise was removed he exclaimed:

"He is Crouch?"

"Who is Crouch?" the captain asked him, and he told him, adding:

"He threatened me in the corridor of the court house today, and I thought nothing of it. He cut his pal instead of me as we fell together."

He returned home, and did not make his call on the Hamils. His mother was in a panic when she heard how he had been attacked on the street.

"I am not hurt, mother," he said to her. "I may have a black eye from the blow on the side of my head. But my clothes will have to be cleaned, as I rolled into the gutter."

The next morning the papers had another sensation about the boy lawyer. When Walt read it he learned who the fellow was who had been cut by Crouch by mistake. He was Dempsey, the youth who had been a witness for Crouch on the trial of young Mann. He confessed to a conspiracy with Ed Crouch to "do up Whitney" for calling them loafers in his speech. Then he said Ed had cut him by mistake, thinking he was Whitney, as they rolled on the ground together.

"They intended to do me up with a vengeance," said Walt, as he read the story. "But I am alive yet."

He went down to Graham's office early, as the Irwin case against Van Horn was to come up the first thing after court opened. Graham came in soon after he did and congratulated him on his escape, saying:

"Your words have come true. You said in your speech that parental indulgence ruined more than all other causes."

"Yes—yes, and it is true."

When he entered the court house many lawyers shook hands with him and noticed the dark discoloration under his left eye. He thanked them and said he was all right yet.

The beautiful widow and her still more beautiful daughter, came in just as the case was called, and seemed to be astonished at finding him ready to go on with the case. He bowed to them, and proceeded to address the jury, telling them what the claim against Van Horn was, and what he expected to prove by his witnesses.

Then he called Mrs. Irwin to the stand, and gave way to Graham, who examined the witness and drew out her story with great tact and skill. Walt made notes of everything. Then her other witnesses and documents were examined, after which Cruger cross-examined her at length. He tried to confuse her and cause her to contradict herself. She kept cool,

but her eyes snapped at times. At last when he asked a question which she had answered three times before Walt sprang to his feet and said:

"Your honor, I protest against witness being compelled to answer the same question so many times. It is a waste of time and wearying to the witness."

"Keep your seat, young man," said Cruger. "You have much to learn yet."

"Very true, and so have you in law, ethics and good breeding," retorted Walt.

Cruger's face flushed, and then turned white. The court and bar seemed amazed at the boldness of the boy lawyer, and every eye was turned on his opponent.

"Counsel for plaintiff must not deal in personalities," said the judge, "and I would suggest to counsel for defendant that he be satisfied with the answer witness has three times made to his question."

"If I am not permitted by the court to question witness in my own way I shall withdraw from the case," said Cruger.

"The court will exercise its own judgment in the matter," returned the judge. "The witness need not answer that question again if she does not wish to do so."

Cruger bowed in silence and went on with the cross-examination. But he took up a good deal of time, so that the case went on into the next day. Then Van Horn went on the stand and told his story. It was a plausible one; and when Graham began to cross-examine him, he was cool and confident. Cruger objected to at least a dozen questions, and really got his client rattled.

Then Walt made his speech to the jury. He was very cool.

"There are more ways in robbing people than there are colors in the rainbow," he said, after following up the method of the defendant in his dealings with the plaintiff in his scathing, burning way. "Some methods shock and appall a community, others amuse, and still others disgust, while some challenge our admiration as strokes of genius. Langdon was robbed and murdered, or murdered and then robbed in his home. The print of the strangler's fingers remained to tell the terrible story, and the money and will cannot yet tell of their location. A pall of deep mystery hovers over the foul crime, and the fiend glided out through the basement door with his booty and vanished under the somber gloom of night. But this robbery took place in broad daylight and under the forms of law, with a notary public's seal to legalize it."

Cruger turned deathly pale as he listened to the allusion to the Langdon murder. When Walt said the fiend had slipped out through the basement door, he caught his breath and gave a start. Graham was watching him, and at the same time was staggered at Walt's daring.

The young lawyer went for Van Horn like a cyclone, and the most eloquent denunciation of robbery under forms of law burst from his lips. Judges, jury and spectators listened spellbound. They laughed at his wit, wept when he was pathetic, and trembled with indignation when he exposed the villainy of the deal on the part of Van Horn.

When he sat down the case was practically won. Cruger spoke but he was rattled. Walt had broken his nerve, and lawyers who had met him in cases in the past were amazed at the weakness of his defense.

The judge charged the jury, and they retired to make up their verdict. No sooner had they filed out than the widow beckoned to Walt and he went to her side.

"That was the grandest speech I ever heard," she said, in a half whisper, "and I want to congratulate you. But you have made a bitter enemy of Mr. Cruger."

"Thank you, madam," said he. "Lawyers are used to giving and receiving hard blows in cases on trial."

"But he had an expression of deep malignity in his eyes as

he listened to you. I noticed it, and feel sure he will seek to do you an injury. It was a narrow escape you made last night. I want you to come up to see me and tell me all about yourself. I am interested in you since I heard your speech."

"Thank you again. I shall be pleased to call, but would rather talk about anything else than myself."

"Talk about anything you please. I shall be satisfied just to listen to you, and — Oh, they are coming back."

Walt looked around and saw the jury returning.

"I guess they have agreed upon a verdict," said he.

They had decided for the widow for the full amount of her claim, and when it was announced, Van Horn sprang to his feet and rushed at Walt. Cruger tried to stop him, and in the scuffle both went down on the floor together.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHAT FOLLOWED THE VERDICT.

Van Horn's fierce attempt to get at Walt was frustrated by other lawyers, who ran to the assistance of Cruger. Then he was seized by two officers, and he foamed at the mouth like a madman.

"Take him away till he recovers from his excitement," said the judge, "and then bring him into court again."

"Your honor," said Cruger, "I fear his reason has been upset by the fierce attacks made on him by counsel for the other side."

"I hope not," remarked the judge. "He should be examined by a physician. But he stands committed until the court can be satisfied of his condition."

The widow and her daughter remained spectators of the scene, but at a safe distance, as Graham had led them out of the way. Walt stood unmoved, satisfied that the court would protect him. But when he saw Graham leading the ladies out he followed.

"It's awful," said the fair widow, as she entered her carriage. "I hope I shall never have to go to court again."

"Oh, you'll have more courting days yet," said Walt. "Young widows have many suitors."

She laughed and said:

"That is a lottery—not a court, but I thank you for the compliment. You will come up and see us?"

"Yes, with pleasure," he said, as the carriage rolled away.

He and Graham turned to go to the office, when they were accosted by a man who said:

"Whitney, I want to see you on business. Where is your office?"

"It is with Hill & Graham at present, on Broadway. We are going there now."

The man went along with them, and when they reached the office, was shown into a private room.

"My name is Crouch," he said. "Father of Ed Crouch," and he looked at Walt with an expression of despair in his eyes.

"I am sorry for you, sir," said Walt.

Then the man broke down and groaned in deepest anguish. Walt was almost overcome himself. But he mastered his sympathetic emotions and told the man to calm himself, which he tried to do. When he had done so, he said:

"My wife is prostrated and I fear the blow will kill her. If I can tell her you won't prosecute Ed for the attack on you, it may save her life."

"I won't have the chance to do so, Mr. Crouch," said Walt. "The State will try him for the killing of Dempsey, and with that I can have nothing to do except as a witness."

"Oh," groaned the unhappy father. "Will they hang him?"

"That depends upon what the verdict of the jury will be."

"They couldn't if—if—you defend him."

"That I cannot do," and Walt shook his head.

"I have money. I'll pay you ten thousand dollars if you will."

"Not for a million," said Walt.

"I'll give my whole property," urged the old man.

"It is impossible, Mr. Crouch."

The heart-broken father went away, and Walt told Mr. Graham who he was. The lawyer was amazed, and said he had done right in refusing to defend his wayward son.

Time passed, and the case of Van Horn came up for contempt of court. He wanted to apologize to the court. Cruger pleaded for leniency, saying that the fierce denunciations of Whitney had actually unbalanced his mind at the time. The judge fined him one hundred dollars, and ordered him committed until it was paid. It was paid promptly.

Then an execution was issued against his estate for the amount of the verdict. It was found that he had transferred all his property to his wife.

Graham then began criminal proceedings against him, and that frightened him. He paid up the costs and deeded the widow's property back to her.

The day that was done the widow came to the office and asked for Walt. He was not in. He was engaged in helping his mother move up-town to a new home—a neat flat in a very quiet neighborhood. She left a note for him to call at her home that evening as she wished to see him on important business.

He called at her splendid residence and was received with great cordiality. Her daughter Lillian had four young friends with her—all girls about her own age, and introduced him to them. Then came nearly a dozen motherly women who smiled upon him and made him feel at home in their midst. He thought it strange that only one other man was present—the pastor of her church.

"Now, Mr. Whitney," said the widow, "these ladies are members of a society for mutual improvement. We have been organized for over a year, and every three months have held a public meeting, to which all our friends were invited, to hear lectures on subject of ways and methods of improving ourselves in all things that tend to elevate the moral and mental tone of the members. Our pastor here has spoken for us twice, and two other ministers have also addressed the meetings. Now we have all voted to ask you to be our next speaker, and I have promised them that you would not refuse."

Walt was staggered.

"Madam, it's impossible," he said, shaking his head. "I would be out of my depth and it would be a miserable failure."

"Oh, we don't think so. In your defense of young Mann you uttered sentiments that are in perfect accord with the object of our society. You have studied hard and improved your opportunities, and called the attention of the jury to the fact that Crouch and his companions had not."

"That will do very well for men—but what do I know about the way girls or pretty widows should improve themselves?" and he shook his head again.

"Oh, leave the widows out," she laughed.

"I couldn't," he laughed. "Van Horn tried that and failed."

"Oh, I guess he blames you for that," she retorted.

"Perhaps—but the widow was the moving force. Had she been old, ugly, crosseyed and cross tempered, I could not have spoken as I did."

"Oh, dear, what a compliment!" and the entire party laughed at her expense.

He tried hard to get out of it, but they would not let him, so he had to promise to speak for them at their next meeting a week later.

The announcement was made, and so great was the desire to hear him that the largest hall in Harlem was hired for the meeting, the Widow Irwin herself paying for it.

When he told his mother about it, she was both surprised and delighted.

"I'll go and hear you," she said.

"I am afraid I shall make a failure of it, as it is very different from jury speaking."

"Oh, you must study upon the subject. You can soon think of enough to say, I am sure."

He had a week to do so, but the Langdon murder was on his mind all the time. He was in a frame of mind over it. Cruger was speaking contemptuously of him every time his name was mentioned in his presence. Finally the family of the murdered man offered a reward of ten thousand dollars for the arrest and conviction of the murderer—as a stimulus for the detectives. So far they were without a clew and groping in the dark.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BOY LAWYER ON WIDOWS.

There was an immense audience in the great hall on the night he was to speak for the Ladies' Society for Mutual Improvement. His mother was there, and so was Bessie Hamil, who sat with her. He had hired a full dress suit—not being able to own one—and when the Widow Irwin introduced him to the audience he was received with great applause and waving of handkerchiefs.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, after his bow to the audience, "when a beautiful widow gets after a fellow what chance has he of escaping?"

It struck the vast audience like a thunderbolt, and screams of laughter filled the great hall, and continued several minutes. The widow blushed and laughed, too, but would have given her best diamond ring to get away from her conspicuous seat as the president of the society.

"Some wise old graybeards might be able to get away, but a beardless youth, whose loving mother keeps watch and ward over him, like the timid hare when overtaken, must submit. It may be that I am hypnotized," and he turned and glanced at the widow. The laughter rolled through the house again. "I am told to do and say things, and I obey. I have always obeyed my mother. She is a widow, too. The truth is the widows have got me. Mothers are our guides—loving, tender and true; maidens are our angels. We look at and dream about them; widows are our—bosses!"

Oh, the racket that followed! The Widow Irwin blushed, but she was game, and kept her seat as the president of the society.

"I am to speak to you about mutual improvement, and the subject is as broad as the whole earth. I hardly know where to begin—where to take hold of my theme. I cannot conceive that the members of this society are in need of any improvement, particularly the widows," and again the storm of hilarity broke loose at the expense of the widow. "They have asked an innocent, beardless youth, who has had no experience, save on the hard lines of bread-winning, to speak about mutual improvement, when a widow who has had experience could tell them more in ten minutes than I could in ten years. What a widow does not know who can tell her? In high caste life in India they cremate the widows with the dead bodies of their husbands, that they may pass on into eternity with him. Here they remain with us, and emerge from their weeds more beautiful than ever. In Japan when girls marry they blacken their teeth and despoil their beauty to prevent other men from admiring them. Here they simply retire under the shadow of the husband, to some day emerge

into the light as widows, more enchanting than the fabled Venus rising from the sea. And how we admire and love them! But, then, I am not here to talk about widows. What I have said about them was uttered under the hypnotic influence of widowhood, which I could not resist. I am not responsible for it. Some day I hope to have my revenge."

Never before was so much laughter heard in the great hall as during his talk on widows. Tears ran down the faces of the men and women as they listened and laughed, for they knew that he was getting his revenge for the scrape she had gotten him into.

But he finally turned to his theme and for more than an hour held the vast audience spellbound by his flights of eloquence, his ideas and illustrations. He told of men and women whose names have come down through ages solely because they struggled to improve their talent.

"Improve—improve every mental and physical talent!" he exclaimed. "In the world of mechanical art every invention is an improvement for the comfort of man or the cost of production. From the crude life of the savage, man has passed through the fires of refining processes to the present day. The world moves and improves. Those who do not keep pace with the age go backward. They can't stand still. Man must improve on his father. Daughters must improve on the excellencies of their mothers—be more amiable, more beautiful and more sought after than was Helen of Troy."

It was a magnificent success in more ways than one. He received an ovation when he sat down, and men and women crowded around him to make his acquaintance. The Widow Irwin came up and wanted to know what he had against the widows?

"Nothing in the world," he answered, "and I hope they have nothing against me."

"Oh, but they have," she laughed, "and when the time comes you'll know what it is. You had them all on exhibition to-night—and to think that your mother is a widow, too. Is she here this evening?"

"Yes, she heard every word I said," and then he went to his mother and introduced her to Mrs. Irwin, who at once took possession of her, congratulated her and invited her to call on her at her home. Mrs. Whitney was in a new world and hardly knew what to say.

It was a long time before he could get away from the ladies, so many of them wanted to get acquainted with him. But he finally succeeded in doing so, and in company with Bessie Hamil, whom they accompanied to her home, left the hall and made their way to the street cars.

"Well, I am glad I got on with that thing as I did," he remarked, as he entered the car with them.

"You never did so well before, Walt," said his mother.

"Oh, but didn't the widows catch it," laughed Bessie. "I am glad you made fun of her as you did."

"I was simply after revenge for getting me into the scrape," said he, laughing.

"You should feel grateful to her for the chance to make yourself known to the people, Walt," said his mother. "I like her very much, but she is one who likes to have her own way wherever she goes."

The next day all Harlem was talking about the young lawyer and his brilliant speech of the night before, and everyone seemed pleased. It was the beginning of a social career in that part of the great city that was destined to have a marked influence on the life of the boy lawyer.

CHAPTER XV.

THE ARREST OF CRUGER.

The next morning after the lecture for the ladies' society, Walt was on his way down to the office of Hill & Graham

when he met a lawyer who congratulated him on his success the night before, saying:

"I was not there, but I see in the papers that it was a great success."

"Well, the crowd was a success," laughed Walt.

"And the widow, too, eh?"

"Oh, she was a howling success. But she says she'll have her revenge some day. I had mine last night."

"Have you heard the news about Cruger?"

"No; what is it?"

"He married the discarded daughter of the old man who was murdered up in 84th street last month. He was her counsel in a divorce suit some two or three years ago."

"Well, that is news. She'll come in for her share of her father's estate if the will is not found, won't she?"

"Yes, of course, but she will have to sue for it."

"Well, she won't have to pay any lawyer's fee if she does."

"No. She won't have any trouble about winning, though."

Walt went on to the office and sat down to think the matter over. He thought it was time to take steps to punish the fiend who had strangled the old man.

He consulted with Graham and that astute lawyer advised him to go before the district attorney and tell him what he knew about it and leave him to work out the clew.

"But I don't know what sort of a man he is. He may laugh at my story, repeat it and thus let it get to Cruger's ears. Then there'll be trouble and I'd be put out of the way as a dangerous witness."

"I'll go with you to see him."

"Very well," and a half hour later they were closeted with the district attorney, who was dumfounded at the story Walt told him.

"He told me the story the next day," said Graham, "so that is a slight corroboration if you need one."

"Yes; so it is. And do you say he has married the discarded daughter of old Langdon?" the district attorney asked.

"Yes; so I was told this morning by a friend of his," said Walt.

"Then that is some proof in a circumstantial way; that it was a scheme of his to get the will. The chances are that he has the will yet locked in his safe, to be used as a blackmailing document against his wife. He is a calculating man. I hope you have not mentioned this thing to anyone else?"

"No one else knows anything about it from me," said Walt.

"Nor from me," added Graham.

"Then I'll order his arrest and search his safe," said the district attorney, "and if the will is found there the reward shall be paid to you, Whitney, if I have anything to do with it."

A few days later three men entered the office of Cruger, in Nassau street, and waited for him to come in. When he did they were the only occupants except an office boy and clerk.

"Mr. Cruger," said one of the three visitors, "I have some legal business with you which I think should be transacted with the utmost privacy. Will you order your clerk to step out and close the door for a few minutes?"

Cruger looked hard at the man for a few moments, and then remarked that it was a very unusual request, and he would decline to accede to it until he knew something of the nature of the business.

"Well," said the spokesman of the party of three men, "I have a warrant here for your arrest."

"My arrest! On what charge? Let me see the warrant."

It was shown to him. He read it and paled. But his wonderful nerve sustained him.

"I am your prisoner," he said.

"Very well," and two of them led him away, whilst another remained to guard the iron safe in his office. He was taken

before a judge, who, at the request of the district attorney, remanded him to jail till noon the next day, to decide about the question of bail.

During the night the safe in his office was blown open by a skilled mechanic, and a lawyer from the district attorney's office examined its contents. Among the mass of papers was the will of the murdered man.

When the judge took his seat on the bench the next day the district attorney made the charge of murder against him, and he was held without bail for the Grand Jury. As that body was then in session, an indictment was found against him that afternoon. The next day bail was refused, and he was sent to the Tombs to await trial.

His wife called to see him frantic with grief and fear. She was permitted to see him. Then she hurried home and he sent for the ablest lawyer in the city, who called and had a long consultation with him.

The police and detectives were dumfounded at the arrest, for they had worked hard on the case, but without avail. When they learned that Walt Whitney had seen him leaving the Langdon residence at eleven o'clock on the night of the murder, they became skeptical and wanted to know how it was he had kept that fact a secret so long. They shook their heads and said it was a put-up job that would fail on the day of the trial.

They had not heard that the will of the murdered man had been found in Cruger's safe.

When the daughters of the murdered man heard of the arrest, they sent their husbands to find out what they could about it. But they learned only that Whitney had seen him leaving the basement door on the night of the murder. Bessie Hamil and her mother corroborated him to the extent of saying he had spent the evening with them, and had left at about eleven o'clock. Josie Merritt told the same story.

The lawyer who was to defend Cruger pooh-poohed the idea of convicting a reputable citizen on the uncorroborated evidence of a youth of eighteen years of age. He predicted the prompt acquittal of his client.

Suddenly Walt made the discovery that he was being followed by one or two men wherever he went, day or night. He told Graham about it, and he remarked that they were probably detectives in search of evidence to impeach his character.

"But they have no right to follow me that way."

"No, but they may deny that they are following you."

"I can easily prove it."

"Do so then, and have them arrested. It is in violation of law."

He proceeded to do so, and one of the shadows was arrested and warned that a repetition of the offense would send him to the island.

Then, as the day of trial drew near, Walt was warned by Graham to stay at home of evenings, as a club could very easily remove him as a witness.

The first evening he spent at home after being thus warned was a very quiet one. But at about nine o'clock a messenger boy called and delivered a note. He opened it and read:

"MY DEAR MR. WHITNEY:

"I have just learned something of the utmost importance to you. Please call at once, for I am so anxious to place it in your possession.

MAUDE IRWIN."

CHAPTER XVI.

WALT GOES TO ALBANY.

Walt read the note and hesitated, for he was not sure it was from the widow whose name was signed to it. He signed the

(Continued on page 20.)

Pluck and Luck

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BRIEF, BUT POINTED.

The color of a cloud depends on the manner in which the sunlight falls upon it and the position of the observer. It will be noticed that high clouds are always white, or light in color, and this is because the light by which they are seen is reflected from the under surface by the numberless drops of moisture which go to form the cloud. Heavy rain clouds, on the other hand, are found much nearer the earth, and so the light falls on them more directly from above, giving a silver lining to the cloud, though the under surface appears black, owing to the complete reflection and absorption of the light by the upper layers. Seen from above by an observer in a balloon the blackest rain clouds appear of the most dazzling brilliant white.

The great diamond, the Koh-i-Nur, was an uncomfortable burden to its custodians. In the just published correspondence of Lord Dalhousie, the British Viceroy in India, he tells an old friend that after the occupation of Lahore he brought the famous diamond himself to Bombay: "I undertook the charge of it in a funk, and never was so happy in all my life as when I got it into the Treasury at Bombay. It was sewn and double sewn into a belt secured around my waist, one end through the belt fastened to a chain around my neck. * * * My stars! what a relief it was to get rid of it." Queen Victoria had been told that in India the Koh-i-Nur was considered unlucky and Dalhousie denied this in several emphatic letters. We are told that Shah Shoojah, from whom it was taken by Ranjit Singh, said: "Its value is Good Fortune; for whoever possesses it has been superior to all his enemies."

At least one London firm makes spectacles for horses. The object of these is to promote high stepping. The frames are made of stiff leather entirely enclosing the eyes of the horse, and the glasses used are conclave and large in size. The ground seems to the horse to be raised, and he accordingly steps high, thinking that he is going up-hill or has to step over some obstacle. This system of spectacle-wearing is generally adopted while the horse is young, and its effect on his step and action is said to be remarkable. It has been ascertained that the cause of a horse's shying is, as a rule, short sight; and it is contended that the sight of all horses should be tested, as that of children. It is maintained that by a little artificial assistance many valuable horses which have become optically unfit for work can be restored to usefulness.

Wheat flour is now made into bricks by hydraulic pressure. Almost every one is familiar with tea bricks, but flour bricks are entirely novel. Flour in bricks possesses many advantages over the loose powder. In the first place, the enormous pressure exerted destroys all forms of larval life already present, and the bricks are much too hard afterward for any insects to work their way in. The bricked flour is equally secured from mould, and is to all practical purposes water-proof, so that it could suffer no damage in shipment, even though carelessly handled and exposed to the weather. The bulk of the flour is much reduced, and a barrel of ordinary flour pressed into bricks could be packed in a square case about the size of a soap box. Before using the flour it is, of course, necessary to reduce it to a powder, and this is done by first breaking up the bricks between cogs and then running grinders, made on the principle of a coffee mill, will undoubtedly appear on the market if the brick flour becomes popular with housewives.

OUR COMIC COLUMN.

Automobilist—Say, where can I get some repairs made? I've met with an accident. Farmer—What d'ye want—a machine shop or a hospital?

Mrs. Hatterson—Do you think it proper to bow to a man in a club window? Mrs. Catterson—That depends. It's the only chance I have to recognize my husband.

Sweet Singer—Did you notice the new diamonds in my ears? Comedian—Yes, they are very large, and attract a great deal of attention. Sweet Singer—Thank you. Comedian—I mean the ears.

They were out in the grove searching for walnuts. "You may have heard it before," he whispered, "but once more I must say I love you." "I'm looking for walnuts," she said, with a sweet smile, "not chestnuts."

The presence of mind of an impecunious lover was illustrated recently at a bazaar, where there was a stall for the sale of watch charms. "Oh, George," said the lady, "buy me a charm!" "Sarah," answered he, "you have too many already."

Mr. Snapp—Well, what are you going to do about it? Mrs. Snapp—Oh, don't be in such a hurry. It takes me some time to make up my mind. Mr. Snapp—That's strange. You haven't much material to work with.

Algy—Gwace has a hahwid father. When I awsked him for her hand I said, "Love for your daughter has dwiven me hawf cwazy." Cholly—And then, deah boy? "Then the old bwute said, 'Has, eh? Well, who completed the job?'"

A witty clergyman, accosted by an old acquaintance by the name of Cobb, replied: "I don't know you, sir." "My name is Cobb," rejoined the man, who was about half-seas over. "Ah, sir," replied the clergyman, "you have so much corn on you that I did not see the cob."

Polly—See that girl sitting over there all alone? She has been trying her best for the last ten years to get a husband, but has failed. Dolly—she is good-looking; what's the matter? Polly—Why, she took the prize at Vassar for oratory, and there has been no man with nerve enough to want to be her husband.

FAITHFUL SELIM

By Alexander Armstrong

I never had but one horse that I called the very perfection of a creature, and that was my Selim.

Yes, the very animal I am riding now.

He's a mighty fine animal yet, though he is well nigh fourteen years old now.

He wasn't more than four years old when I fell heir to him, after killing off the Boyden band, and that's ten years ago.

Selim and I have been in many a sharp scrimmage since then, and many's the time the fight would have been my last one but for my trusty horse.

It's about one of these times I'm going to tell you, when he saved my life three times in one day.

I was a detective in those days; or, more properly, I might have been called a private scout, for it was really scouting work I was put to most of the time.

It was about three years after the Boyden band was broken up before the country hereabouts was troubled with such a gang again; and I don't suppose it would have been then either only that the Indians had dug up the hatchet and were making inroads towards the more settled parts.

It was three or four fellows of this stripe that made a heap of trouble for the folks in this neighborhood, when the Indians—Comanches they were—went on the warpath.

These men knew the ways of the people and all the by-paths around and they led the Indians right down into these parts, and whenever they were chased, they just seemed swallowed up.

Well, things got so bad that the governor sent me out to track the fellows.

He offered me a squad of soldiers, but I thought I could manage it better alone.

I never liked to have a tongue to take care of but my own.

The governor made me a present, at starting, of a splendid rifle, a double-barreled breech-loader.

So off we started, Selim and I, and the new rifle, and it wasn't long before I tried the weapon; and by the great buffalo! it most made my hair stand on end to see how it brought down its mark.

Well, I traveled here and there for over two weeks, but not a trace of the party I was after could I find.

They seemed to have left the country entirely—for a time, anyhow.

So, at noon one day, I turned Selim loose to graze close by me and threw myself on the grass to think matters over.

I hadn't been there but a few moments when I heard the queerest noise that I ever came across in the wilderness; and jumping up, I looked behind the bush where it came from, and saw as queer a sight as the noise was, and one it don't fall to the lot of many men to see.

The sound was a pounding and thumping on the ground, with a hissing and a rattling noise mixed up with it, and the sight was a monster black snake and a monster rattlesnake having a set-to.

I never saw two human beings more in earnest in my life.

They were rolling, and twisting, and darting about on the short turf.

Their red mouths were wide open, and dripping with blood and foam, and their eyes gleamed like fire, sticking out from their heads like beads.

They twined around each other, and lashed the ground with their tails, and the rattler kept trying to fasten his fangs into

the black fellow; but the latter was too quick for him, and at last he just gripped the rattler by the neck and twisted himself around him till he snapped his backbone.

I heard it break, and then the rattler's head hung down limp as a rag.

The black snake gave him one more squeeze, and then let him loose, when he just gave one wriggle and straightened out, dead as a door-nail.

I had been so taken up with the queer fight that when Selim gave a low whinny suddenly it startled me, more particularly as it was a call he never gave except when he meant it as a warning, for he was as good as a watch dog.

So I pricked up my ears and heard a sound as of horses galloping—not one or two, but a dozen or more, and as I knew there was no such party of horsemen about except those I was looking for, it struck me that I had better be moving on pretty quick.

So I slapped the saddle on Selim, and was on his back in a jiffy; but just as I mounted I saw the foremost of the troop come rushing out from the shelter of the woods.

They gave a shout as they saw me, and fired a volley, but no harm was done, except a hole in my brand new cap.

Away sprang Selim, and, as I knew there wasn't a horse in the country that could overtake him, I just put him to speed till I got beyond rifle shot, and then held him back, so as to keep the same distance ahead of the party that was thundering behind me.

I made my plans as I went along.

I saw that there were fourteen of them—three white men, and the rest Comanches.

The country we were crossing was flat prairie for five miles ahead—a splendid place for speeding—and then it got rocky and mountainous all of a sudden, with either no paths, or else paths choked up with brushwood and low trees, almost like a thicket.

I could have got away from the party easy enough, just by putting Selim to his speed, but I didn't mean to let them off as easy as that.

So I let my good creature out till he had run ahead of their longest range rifles by fully two hundred yards, and then seeing that the two white men, who rode the best horses had forged ahead of the rest, I pulled Selim in a little, and, turning in the saddle, let the two renegades have the benefit of my new rifle.

The way they tumbled out of their saddles was a caution.

None of them ever dreamed I could touch them at that distance, and the whole party came to a sudden halt in their amazement, fearful to come up to the spot where their leaders were lying on the ground till I moved further on.

And that I didn't do till I had quietly loaded up again; and then I just trotted Selim slowly on.

Directly I heard a yell, and, looking back, saw the twelve of them coming after me in a body, so I pushed on faster, to draw out the best horses from the rest again.

They were all picked animals in that troop.

I had heard that long ago, and proved it now.

If Selim hadn't been as extra for a horse as my new rifle was for a weapon, I'd have stood a poor chance for my life with all those red rescals thundering after me.

As it was, though, I had no trouble in keeping as far ahead as I chose.

Seeing that the Indians kept close together, I slackened my speed a little to encourage them, and fancying, I suppose, that my horse was giving out they made a rush and fired a few shots.

I pretended to be hit, and swayed in the saddle, half stopping Selim at the same time.

Ha, ha! What a delightful yell they gave then.

As I calculated, several of the fastest horses sprang ahead, and waiting until they were close enough to suit me, I suddenly faced about, and bang, bang! went that rifle and over went two of the men—the last white man of the party and the Indian chief.

Such a yelling and screeching as followed the shots I never heard before.

I waited a few minutes to breathe Selim and load up, and didn't notice how one of the Indians was creeping up closer to me, till I heard the pop of a rifle, and felt a sharp sting in my left shoulder.

I never let them see I was hit, but just laughed as if scorning their bullets, and, after driving ahead for a hundred yards or so, I let them have both barrels once more, when down went another Indian and a horse.

Then I trotted quietly on again and in a few minutes more was in the shelter of the wood, that was close ahead now, and out of sight of the screeching band.

For a couple of hours I rode on through the thick brush, hoping to find water, for both Selim and I needed a drink pretty bad; I, especially, for the loss of blood from the wound in my shoulder made me feel dizzy and feverish.

We came to a little pool at last, shallow, and only a few feet across, but pretty deep and I got down on my knees and bent over to scoop up the water.

I took one swallow, and stooping after another, I felt everything go swimming round; and then I knew that I pitched headforemost into the water, but I had no more power than a baby to get up, though I knew I'd drown there pretty quick.

The next thing I knew I was being dragged over the grass, and opening my eyes there was Selim, with his teeth grabbing my leather belt and his head dripping wet, where he had plunged it into the water to catch hold of me.

I sat down a few minutes to recover myself, but Selim seemed so uneasy that I soon mounted again.

I hadn't been on his back many minutes before I found out what was the matter with him.

There was a strong wind blowing direct from the prairie, where I had left the Comanches, and pretty soon I began to feel as if I couldn't rightly get my breath.

I didn't see the idea at first—my wound made me sort of stupid, I suppose; but soon, looking back, I saw a cloud of black smoke rising, and here and there red flames leaping up.

Then I knew that the red rascals had set the prairie on fire, in the hope of making trouble for me; and as I looked all around at the thick brush, I thought they had done it, sure enough, for there wasn't a clear space anywhere about, and as to traveling faster than the fire that was racing towards me, that couldn't be done.

There was one direction that looked as if there might be some open spot beyond, and I turned Selim's head that way.

He seemed unwilling to go, and directly after looking round at the raging fire that was fast catching up to us, he took the bit in his teeth, and turned off at a sharp angle from the route I had chosen, and all the coaxing and pulling I could do made no difference to him.

Go his own road he would, and did, for the first time since I had owned him.

He traveled as fast as he could through the brush, making two or three sharp turns, yet never hesitating a minute, nor paying any attention to my trying to guide him different, for he was carrying me in a line with the fire, and I really thought fear had driven him crazy.

The brush got thicker and thicker, and I was thinking he would have to stop when he rushed into a narrow place be-

tween two rocks, and I was blinded by the sudden change from broad daylight to half-darkness.

But still Selim kept on for a minute or two longer, his hoofs clattering over hard rock.

The instant he stopped I jumped down, and as my eyes got used to the twilight, I saw that I was in a large cave.

Selim had turned off to one side of the entrance, and was standing in a sort of room that it was easy to see was used as a stable.

There was litter and horse-feed scattered all about, and ropes, and saddles, and bridles hanging on the walls.

Some of the saddles were plain leather and others were ornamented with beads and feathers, showing they belonged to Indians, and Comanches at that.

So, even without looking further, I made sure that Selim had taken me exactly where I most wanted to go.

Only, how on earth did he know it?

That was what puzzled me at first.

How did he know the hiding-place of the Comanche troop? And then, poking about in a corner, my eyes lighted on something that cleared up the mystery.

It was an old dust-covered saddle, that hadn't its match in the country—a French-made saddle, with the French lily on its flaps, and the French army lettering on it.

It had belonged to one of the Boyden brothers, and I had heard of it often.

So, as Selim had belonged to one of the same band before I got him, it was easy to see how he knew the place, and carried me to it, when to find it had baffled everybody for four years or more.

I could have danced for joy, only my shoulder wouldn't let me, so I patted Selim and praised him, and I believe he understood every word of it, he looked so proud and happy; and well he might—he hadn't only saved my life three times that day, once from bullets, once from water, and once from fire, but he had done for me what I couldn't have done for myself, for there never was a snugger hiding-place than that cave—its entrance didn't show at all. I didn't linger long, after making sure it was the place I wanted, being afraid the Indians might come upon me; so, making sure that I left no traces of my having been there, I went outside, and finding that the fire had passed by, I took the bearings of the place in my mind, and started for the nearest fort.

I told my story, and the colonel sent out two parties of soldiers, one as a blind, to drive the Indians to the shelter of the case, and the other I led right to the spot, where we went into ambush for three days, before the troop came running to earth.

We waited till they got safe inside and we smelt their dinner cooking, and then we marched in, and before they could wink, every man of them was covered with our rifles.

They were dumfounded; and when we ordered them to surrender they lifted their hands and let us tie them as meek as lambs.

We marched them to the fort, and there they were kept safe till their tribe laid down the hatchet.

And so the second band that had scouted the country round was broken up, their hiding-place unearthed and, as I may truly say, it was all owing to Selim, first and last.

The rainiest place on the continent of Europe, so far as meteorological records show, is Carkvice, in the mountains of Dalmatia, back of the Bay of Cattaro. The monthly rainfall at this point for the past twenty-two years is published in the current number of the *Meteorologische Zeitschrift*, and gives a mean total rainfall for the year of 4,642 millimeters (182.76 inches). The wettest year was 1901, with a rainfall of 6,135 millimeters (241.53 inches).

(Continued from page 16.)

receipt for it and let the messenger go, after which he went back into the sitting-room and sat down and thought over it for some minutes.

"What is it, Walt?" his mother finally asked him.

"Read it for yourself," he said, handing the note to her. She read it, and asked:

"Is it from the Widow Irwin?"

"Yes, if it is not a forgery."

"A forgery!"

"Yes. I am not familiar with her writing."

"Well, why not go up and see her? That's the way to find out."

"Mother, if it is a forgery, I would never live to return to you," he replied.

She gasped and sank down in a seat.

"Walt, what do you mean?"

"I mean that it is dangerous for me to go out nights now, as Cruger's life hangs on my evidence before the jury that is to settle the question of his guilt or innocence. A friend of his could save him by slaying me. Do you understand?"

"Yes," she gasped. "You won't go, then?"

"I don't think I will. She would not have sent me this note at this time of night. It is a trick to draw me out of the house."

His mother was so worried over it she did not sleep any during the entire night. On the other hand, he slept well when he finally fell asleep. But the next morning he slept late, and she had to call him to his breakfast.

"I'll go up and see her to-day," he said to his mother, "and if she did not send the note, I'll know that they are lying in wait for me."

"What will you do if they are trying to kill you, Walt?" she asked.

"Take steps to protect myself," he replied. "I am not going to let them get the best of me."

When he went down to the office that day he was told by Graham that the Hamil case on appeal would come up before the Court of Appeals on Thursday. It was then Tuesday.

"You'll have to go up with me to-morrow," added the lawyer.

"All right. I'll be ready on time."

Then he went out and took an uptown car. An hour later he was at the home of the Widow Irwin, who seemed very much surprised at seeing him.

"Why, Mr. Whitney!" she exclaimed. "Is it you! What a surprise! Take a seat. I am glad to see you."

"Thank you, Mrs. Irwin. I want you to tell me if you wrote this note," and he handed her the note as he spoke.

She read it quickly, and exclaimed:

"Why, no, I did not write it. How did you get it, and when?"

He explained to her, and she was horrified that her name should be used to draw him to his death.

"Surely it can't be true," she said, as she thought over it.

"This note is proof that it is," he replied. "It was intended to draw me out of my home, that they might have a chance to sandbag me, or put me out of the way by some other method."

"Why in the world don't you have a man to guard you day and night?" she asked.

"I could not pay him," and he shook his head; "hence I stay in of nights and go out only in daylight."

"Get a detective and let me pay him for his services," said she.

"Thank you a thousand times, but I could not think of it."

"But you must. I have plenty of money, and feel that I owe you a great debt. Aside from that I want to do it as a friend. You really must let me have my way about it. You said in

your lecture that widows are bosses. I am going to be one. It shall never be known to any but ourselves."

Again he shook his head, but she laughed and said:

"But I will—so there!"

"But I am going up to Albany to see about the Hamil case—to-morrow," he said.

"Who goes with you?"

"Mr. Graham."

"He will be protection enough. I will wait till you return."

He went away wondering at the persistency of the rich widow. But he said nothing about it to anyone.

The next day he reached Albany with Graham, and waited till the time to appear before the august tribunal. Counsel for the appellants made his plea against excessive damages rendered by the court below, claiming that no human life was worth fifty thousand dollars; that the verdict was unjust and ought not to stand. He quoted decision after decision of high courts in various States to sustain his side, and the judges listened with interest, for he was an able lawyer.

When he ceased speaking and sat down the five judges turned and looked at Graham. He rose to his feet and said:

"May it please the court: I appear for decision of the lower court, but as my young associate, Mr. Walt Whitney, conducted the case before the jury, he is here to meet the arguments of counsel for appellants."

He sat down and Walt rose to his feet. The judges looked at him in amazement. His boyish appearance and modest demeanor excited their deepest interest before he uttered a word.

"May it please your honors," he said. "To stand here before this august tribunal is an honor that has never before come to one of my age in this State. I am so profoundly impressed with its weight that when my head, should I live so long, is silvered by the frosts of years the memory of it will still be fresh and green. I shall not dare to tell you what the law is, for the eminence you have reached is proof to all the world that the height, depth and breadth of the law are known to you already. But as the learned counsel has read and submitted decisions to sustain his plea against the verdict of the court below, I beg leave to present the other side of the case." And then he read other decisions from the records in a clear, resonant tone of voice that was heard in all parts of the court room. That done, he took up the protest against the verdict, saying:

"Hamil is an invalid for life. Henceforth he will be a burden and an expense to his family. Life insurance tables tell us that a sound man at his age averages thirty-one years more of life. He was earning ten thousand dollars a year when stricken down, and this verdict returns him but five years of his earnings. The wisdom of this august court will not say that such a verdict is excessive. Had he not been injured and lived out his average, he could have earned one million dollars for his family, as their income would have increased with the accumulations. His career up to the time of the accident was that of a successful business man. The accident, through the carelessness of the appellant corporation, cut short his career, depriving his family of a protector and bread winner, and made him a burden and expense. Of course the sufferings and anxieties that followed in the wake of the tragedy cannot be computed. But the cold fact of the income thus cut off remains. The judicial mind of this august court will consider them."

It was a cold, clear, clean-cut argument that won the admiration of the judges. In no instance did he grow eloquent or passionate in tone or manner, much to the surprise of Graham, who had expected much in that direction. Said he to Walt in a whisper:

"I fear you have made a mistake, Whitney."

"It would have been a worse one had I addressed them as though they were jurymen," he replied, "for they know all the law and the facts."

And he was right.

The verdict of the jury was affirmed unanimously by the five judges.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE WIDOW'S OFFER.

After the decision was rendered Graham hastily left the court-room to telegraph the news to the Hamils down in New York. Walt remained to gather up the notes on the table in front of him. As he was doing so one of the judges beckoned to him, and he went over to his side.

"I want to congratulate you on the good start you have made in this court, Mr. Whitney," said the judge, extending his hand to him. "Your speech was a most agreeable surprise to us. We expected to hear a good deal of fireworks oratory, but instead you gave us a cool, clear-cut argument, without any attempts at spread-eagleism. It is what we like to hear, and if you stick to that court in addressing the bench you will do much for yourself and more for your clients."

"I thank your honor for your good opinion," said he, very modestly. "I felt as if it would be extremely presumptuous on my part to do other than I did. It is different with a jury."

"Yes, indeed. But some lawyers come here with the idea that this court is made up of a lot of old fogies who have forgotten all they ever knew about law. How old are you, Mr. Whitney?"

"I am eighteen years old, sir."

"You are the youngest lawyer who ever appeared before this court," remarked another one of the judges. "I hope you will not overstrain yourself, as you must have studied hard to be so well up in the law."

"I have always been a student, sir, and have a good memory. I also try to understand what I read."

"Ah! that's the point! Understand what you read—understand your cases and the law applying to them, and you will have a wonderful success."

He was highly flattered, and shook hands with all the judges, after which he left the court-room to return to the hotel. He met Graham coming back, who said he had just telegraphed to Hamil.

"They will be happy when they get the telegram," Walt remarked.

"Yes, I knew that and lost no time in sending it."

Then Walt told him what the judges said to him about his speech, and added:

"It has made me happier than any case I ever won, Mr. Graham."

"Yes, it was a great compliment. We must take the next train home. We can reach there by midnight."

They went to the hotel, paid their bill and caught the evening train. As they reached the city Graham said:

"You had better go to a hotel, instead of going home at this time of night."

"Oh, I guess they don't know anything about my coming on this train," he laughed. "I'll take the chances."

"It would be wrong to disturb your mother," said Graham.

"Ten chances to one she'll be wide awake worrying about me. I am not afraid."

"Well, good-night!" and Graham took one car and Walt another.

When he reached his street Walt had to walk two blocks to reach his home. On the second corner he saw a man standing near the building, with his collar up about his ears and hat down over his eyebrows, who looked hard at him for a moment or two and then followed him. He quickened his

pace, and so did the other. He then knew his peril and his wits came to his assistance. He walked out into the middle of the street, stopped, facing the man, and put his hand into his pistol pocket. The movement startled the man, and he hurried on up the street, passing the door of the flat-house in which Walt lived. The latter followed, entered the vestibule, inserted the night key, opened the door and passed in, closing it behind him.

"I bluffed him," he said to himself, as he went up the stairs, "but it may not work the second time. I shall have to accept the widow's offer of a guard, but with the understanding that I shall reimburse her when I am able."

Mrs. Whitney was wide awake, and welcomed him home with a cry of joyful relief, saying:

"I didn't know but what you might come home to-night, and so I could not sleep. Did you win the case?"

"Yes, mother, and now the company will have to settle. We shall soon be able to buy a little home of our own."

"Oh, I hope so."

He did not tell her of the man who had followed him on the street, as it would have driven all sleep from her for the balance of the night. He retired, but it was a long time ere he slept, as he had much to think about. That friends of Cruger would try to get him out of the way he did not doubt. How to elude them was a question he was not able to solve in a few brief moments.

It was late the next morning when he left the house to go to the office down-town. Yet he reached the office before Graham did, and while waiting for him a well-dressed man came in and asked for him. A clerk pointed toward his desk and the man went over and asked if he was Whitney.

"Yes, sir—take a seat," and he arose and offered him a chair, which he took.

"I have been sent to you by a friend who seems to think you are a man I am in need of," said the visitor, as he sat down and removed his hat. "My name is Echols, and I own a good deal of mining property out in Montana, some of which is in litigation. I have a mighty shrewd lawyer out there, but he is such a poor talker he has asked for help in a case that is soon to come up in court. Over a quarter of a million dollars' worth of mining property is at stake, and if I win I am willing to pay one hundred thousand dollars legal fees. If I lose I can't pay over ten thousand dollars. If you can go out there and help him in the trial of the case I am ready to give you a good retainer before you start."

Walt listened without saying a word till he had finished, and then asked:

"When does the case come up, Mr. Echols?"

"In a couple of weeks, I believe. Of course I shall have to be there, too."

"Yes, of course. That is a very short time for counsel to go in and get ready for a case of such vast importance."

"Yes, but my lawyer out there has all points in shape, so you can soon get the whole scope in your grasp. He needs a man who can handle a jury, and my friend tells me you have a gift that way."

"I don't know that I have, but I always try to win a case when I get before a jury."

At that moment Graham came in. Walt told his visitor he could not give him an answer about taking his case until he had consulted Mr. Graham, and that if he would call on the following morning, he would probably be able to say what he would do.

Echols looked at his watch and said he would call the next day, after which he arose and left the office.

"Who is he?" Graham asked.

"His name is Echols," said Walt, and then he told him

the story Echols had given him. Graham looked up at the ceiling in silence for some moments, and then asked:

"Who sent him to you?"

"A friend of his, he said, but he did not give his name."

"Well, with all the splendid reputation you have made as a jury lawyer, I hardly think a man with a quarter of a million dollar case would come to you in that way," said Graham. "It's a ruse to get you out of New York, if not off the earth. I would advise you not to go."

"Whew!" and Walt was the most astonished boy in New York at that moment. "I never thought of that."

"They are after you. You had better get a detective to guard you wherever you go, particularly if you are called out of nights."

"A detective costs five dollars a day. I can't afford it," and he shook his head.

"Hire a good man for two dollars a day. You can afford that."

Just then a man came in and asked for him. He looked like a big, brawny longshoreman, with a hand as large as a ham.

"What can I do for you, sir," Walt asked him.

"This will tell you, sir," and he handed him a note. He read it:

"DEAR MR. WHITNEY—The bearer of this is the uncle of my coachman. He is out of employment, and I told him you wanted a big, strong man to run errands and act as watchman. His nephew said he was strong as a horse and brave as a lion. I do hope you may see your way to employ him. When shall I see you again? Sincerely yours,

"MAUDE IRWIN."

"That's all right," he said. "What is your name, sir?"

"Healey—Tom Healey, sir."

"Well, step in that room there and wait till I can see you."

The man went into the little room and sat down, while Walt went down-stairs to the telegraph office and sent a dispatch to Mrs. Irwin:

"Did you send Tom Healey to me with note? Answer.

"WALT WHITNEY."

Half an hour later the answer came from Harlem:

"Yes, I sent him. He is trustworthy. "MAUDE."

"That's all right," he said to himself, and then telegraphed back:

"Will call this evening to thank you. Bless the widows."

Then he went in to talk with Healey. He told him that certain parties were trying to do him up—to kill him, probably—that he wanted him to act as a bodyguard for him—would pay him fifteen dollars a week. Healey was satisfied—delighted—and took a seat near the door, to be in readiness for duty.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. ECHOLS, OF MONTANA.

When business was over for the day Walt set out for home with the big fellow alongside of him. At home he told his mother what he had employed him for, and she was very happy over it. She told Healey to take his meals there when on duty.

After tea Walt went out with Healey to pay a visit to the widow. She received him with smiles, and said it was the only way she could manage to see him once in a while—by sending a bodyguard after him. He then told her of the

shadow that followed him the night before, and how he bluffed him. She laughed, and said it was as good as a comedy.

He spent a couple of hours there, and as he left the house Healey joined him. On the corner near his home he saw a man with his hat well down over his eyes leaning against the building, who turned and followed him up the street. But the presence of Healey prevented him from getting up close, and soon Walt entered his house.

"You can go home now," he said to Healey, "and come back here at nine o'clock in the morning."

He went away, and half an hour later the bell of the flat rang. Walt went to the speaking tube.

"Who is it?" he called.

"A gentleman wishes to see Mr. Whitney a few moments," came up the tube.

"What about?"

"A matter of business."

"No business at this hour. Call at my office after nine in the morning."

"It is very urgent, sir."

"No matter. I am undressed for bed, and can see no one."

The next morning when he went down-stairs to go to the office he found Healey there waiting for him, and together they went down-town.

Mr. Echols called as he promised to do, and Walt told him he could not go out West for him, as his engagements in New York would not permit him to do so.

"Now, see here, Whitney," said he, "I mean business. They tell me here that you can work a jury up to any sort of verdict. Just name your fee and you can have it."

"Much obliged to you, sir, but I must decline," and Walt shook his head.

Echols went away apparently very much disappointed, saying he would call again and see him about it.

"You would never get back to New York alive," remarked Graham.

"I won't go," said Walt.

Echols did not return that day, and Walt hoped he would never see him again. In the afternoon he went to the Tombs to see a client confined there on the charge of murder, and Healey accompanied him. As he passed the cell in which Cruger was confined, he saw Echols come out and met him face to face.

"Do you know Cruger?" he asked.

"No. I am visiting the Tombs as a sight-seer. It's a prison that is known all over America, and I had a great desire to see it before returning to the West. Have you a client in here?"

"Yes—one charged with murder, but I think it a case of self-defense," and he passed on to the other tier of cells, leaving Echols gazing after him.

"He has been consulting with Cruger," said Walt to himself, as he made his way to the cell of the young man whom he had been retained to defend. "I guess he won't call on me again after this."

But to his surprise Echols followed him, and asked to see the prisoner he was to defend.

"I wish to hold a consultation with him and get his story," said Walt, "so it would hardly be proper to have a third party present."

"Yes, of course. I beg pardon," and with that he turned and walked away.

Walt went into the cell of his client and spent a half hour with him, making copious notes during the time. When he came out he passed a woman in black, who wore a thick veil over her face. She wheeled and looked at him, raised her veil, took another look, and then darted after him.

Healey ran forward to overtake her, not knowing who she

was or what she meant to do. Just as she was about to clutch Walt's arm, Healey called out to him:

"Look out, boss!"

He wheeled and faced her.

She recoiled with a gasp, and sank down to the floor at his feet.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE WOMAN IN THE TOMBS.

"Hello!" Walt exclaimed on seeing the woman fall. "What's the matter with her, Healey?"

"I dunno," said the big fellow, stooping and raising her in his arms.

She seemed like one dead, her white face betraying traces of intense suffering. Two keepers ran up, and one said she had probably fainted.

"Bring her to the matron's room," he said, and Healey followed, bearing her limp form in his arms. Walt followed to find out what the trouble was, and in the matron's room asked one of the keepers who she was.

"She is the lawyer's wife," was the reply in a low tone.

"What lawyer?" Walt asked.

"Cruger."

Walt started.

Was she the discarded daughter of the murdered Langdon? or was she one who claimed Cruger as her husband? The question flashed through Walt's mind like electric shocks. Was she trying to speak to him? What could she have had to say to him? He was mentally asking himself many questions when the matron ordered them all out of her room that she might take charge of the unconscious woman.

Walt went away, followed by the faithful Healey, for he could say nothing to anyone of what was passing in his mind at the time.

"Was she going to beg me not to appear against him?" he kept asking himself on his way back to the office. "That wan face is enough to touch a heart of stone. I hope I may never meet her. There's no chance of escape for him even if I do not appear as a witness, for the finding of the old man's will in his safe, coupled with his marriage, will do the business for him. How he came to keep it instead of destroying it passes my understanding, unless it was to be held over her as a weapon. What foolish risks some men will take. But for that will, my evidence, uncorroborated, could have done him no harm."

Two hours later Walt was astonished at hearing that the woman was dead. She died in her swoon in the matron's room in the Tombs. Healey crossed himself and looked pale as Walt told him about it.

"It's awful, sir!" he said, shaking his head.

"Yes, yes!" assented Walt.

Graham said it was one of the sad tragedies of life, and that it would create sympathy for Cruger till the record of his fiendish crime was unfolded to the jury.

Then Walt told him of the incident in the Tombs that day, and added:

"I met that man Echols coming out of Cruger's cell a half hour before I saw her."

"Ah! that settles the question of his connection with him," he remarked.

"Yes, so I think. I don't think he will come to see me again."

"If he does tell him plainly what you think of his game, and order him out of the office."

"That's just what I am thinking of doing," said Walt.

Several days passed, and then Echols called in when only

a small clerk was in. Walt came in a few minutes later, leaving Healey in another room. He bowed coldly to the man, who said:

"I've called to see if I cannot finally induce you to go to Montana for me, Whitney."

"You cannot, sir. I understand the situation fully, and nothing can induce me to leave New York at this time. It is a good scheme but won't work with me."

"Scheme! What do you mean by scheme?" Echols asked.

"You have no case in Montana, Mr. Echols. The case is in New York, and it centers around Cruger. Do you understand?"

"No, I don't," and he gave Walt a scowl as he spoke.

"Well, I have no explanations to make. Do me a favor to leave this office and keep away."

Echols rose to his feet and caught him by the collar, saying:

"Give me an explanation of this or I'll wring your neck!"

"Healey!" called Walt, and the next moment the brawny fellow dashed into the room and dealt Echols a blow that knocked him senseless against the wall, where he sank down in a heap on the floor.

"Throw him out," ordered Walt, and Healey dragged him out into the corridor and left him there, taking up a position at the door to keep him from returning.

He came to just as a dozen people had collected around him, and pulled himself together. On rising to his feet he reached for his pistol pocket. Healey stepped back and closed the door. Echols went away, and a few minutes later Graham came in.

"Served him right," he said, when he heard what had happened. "But be careful and give him no cause to have you arrested."

A woman came in poorly dressed, but with a refined expression of face and manner that told she had seen better days.

"I want to see the boy lawyer," she said, looking around her, first at Walt and then at Graham, who looked up at her.

"You mean Mr. Whitney, I guess," he said.

"Yes, sir—I believe that is his name," she replied.

"Well, there he is," and he pointed to Walt, who had already tendered her a chair. She sat down and gave him a searching glance as she did so.

"Mrs. Irwin sent me to you," she said, "for legal advice, saying you would do what you could for me."

"She told you the truth, madam," said he. "Come into this room here and tell me what you wish me to do," and he led the way into the little private office.

There she told him that she was a deserted wife with three helpless children to support—that her husband had cruelly deserted her while he was amply able to provide for her and the little ones—that he had gone abroad for three years, and during that time she and the children had almost starved, though she had struggled hard for food and shelter.

"He has returned now, and is living at a hotel where his expenses are at least five dollars a day. His income is over fifteen thousand dollars a year. I want to know if the law will make him support his children?"

"Yes, madam, and their mother, too. Have you proof of your marriage with him?"

"Yes, I have my certificate. Mrs. Irwin was present, and saw the ceremony performed."

"Give me your name and his," and he took up a pen and wrote them down. Her name was Marie, and his John Allison. She said he was living at the Colonnade Hotel.

CHAPTER XX.

WALT MAKES A DRAMATIC SCENE IN COURT.

Two days after the visit of the deserted wife to the office of the boy lawyer her recreant husband was arrested for

abandonment as he was entering one of the fashionable clubs to which he belonged.

He was astounded, he said, and declared it a blackmailing scheme. But he was locked up over night, and the next day he was confronted in court by his wife and the Widow Irwin. The widow had a score of fashionable friends with her, for she wanted to see the man punished for his heartlessness.

Allison's lawyer was old Benham, who hated Walt like poison. The old lawyer berated him for causing the arrest of a gentleman at a time when he could not be admitted to bail in a bailable case.

"You are wasting your breath," said Walt. "No gentleman has been arrested at all."

"Oh, yes, of course—but I believe you said a gentleman—not your client," and the sarcastic emphasis on the word gentlemen set the ladies tittering, whilst the lawyers smiled.

"Oh, the impudence of youth!" Benham exclaimed.

"My youth is all right," Walt retorted. "It's the silliness of second childhood that is at fault in this case."

That threw the old man into a towering rage. He sputtered and snorted whilst an audible titter came from all over the court room.

"I hope counsel will refrain from personalities," remarked the judge.

"That is a hard thing for the learned counsel to do, your honor," said Walt.

"Set him an example of forbearance," returned the judge.

Walt looked over at the old lawyer for a few moments, and then said:

"I will try to, your honor, but I fear he won't take lessons from me. He doesn't love me any more, and for the life of me I don't know why."

The laughter irritated him all the more, and he was about to make a retreat when the judge ordered Mrs. Allison to tell her story. She did so, and a pathetic story it was. She showed her certificate of marriage and said witnesses of the ceremony were present in the court room. She declared that while her husband was living with her his income was fifteen thousand dollars a year from property held in trust, which was to go to his children at his death.

Then Allison told his story. He admitted the marriage, but stated that his wife was a nagger, and had rendered life with her unendurable. He had sent her money every month—enough to keep her and the children in comfort.

"How did you send her money?" Walt asked him.

"By mail."

"In checks?"

"No—cash in letters."

"You always sent her money that way, did you?"

"Yes."

"But to others you sent checks when you had occasion to do so?"

"Yes—a woman doesn't know anything about checks or banks."

"That will do," said Walt, and then he recalled the wife to the stand. She denied that he ever sent her a dollar after leaving. She had several friends then in the court room who had frequently come to her assistance to save the children from actual starvation.

"May it please the court," said Walt, when the testimony was all in, "there is a man now lodged in a cell in the Tombs charged with and indicted for the murder of an old man, whose throat he clutched with fingers as merciless as eagles' claws till the old heart ceased to beat. The crime sent a chill of horror through the whole city, and everybody exclaimed, 'What a fiend!' The victim was old, with one foot almost in the grave, and form bent with the burden of years. It was not much of life he was deprived of, yet his sudden taking off

shocked the country, and the cry went up that the fiendish murderer should die the death when caught. Justice reached out and caught him, and now he awaits the day when the penalty must be paid."

Here he turned and looked at Allison in silence for nearly two minutes. He paled and squirmed in his seat. Walt raised his right hand and pointed at him, saying:

"But when a man leads a young and trusting woman to the altar in the house of God, pledges his honor to love, cherish and keep till death shall part them, and then, when in her devotion as a faithful wife she had borne him three children, pledges of love and fidelity, he deserts her and leaves his own offspring to starve in the streets of a great city, he commits a greater and more fiendish crime than did he who now lies locked in that cell in the Tombs."

"I protest against counsel's language!" exclaimed Benham, springing to his feet.

"Of course, you protest!" cried Walt. "Your client protests—so does the lesser fiend in the Tombs. What can be expected of a man who leaves his offspring to starve in summer and freeze in winter? Look at the mother! Look at the children! They are gaunt with hunger and clothed in rags! Look at the father—their father—as he sits there! He has a six hundred dollar diamond in his scarf, and he is clothed like Dives. He is a member of a club where the membership costs one thousand dollars a year, and the expenses of suppers and games there costs thousands more! Look at this marriage certificate, and think of the pledges made at the altar! He has fifteen thousand dollars a year, and protests when his children cry for bread. He sits in the magnificent club house, sipping champagne while his children and their devoted mother sip of the dregs of poverty—of hunger—and go out into the streets when evicted by the landlord, leading them by the hand. Little child," and he took the youngest child—but five years—and held her upon a chair, "look there. He is your father. Look at him. His counsel says he is a gentleman. He looks like one, but—but—" and he glared at Allison like a young tiger, "if he is, save me from ever being called one. Thy mother's love has never failed thee, little one. Oh, no. Mothers never let die the love that comes into being with the children they bore, else there would be more little graves in the cemetery than are there now. It's the father's love that fails—but look up there at the good judge, little one. He is just, he is wise in the law, and to him we look for a righteous judgment upon thy sire. Let us all thank the Great Giver of all good that we have courts of law and upright judges in them. May it please the court, here are a mother and three helpless children appealing for their just rights. The father's income is fifteen thousand dollars. We ask five thousand dollars a year with which to support and educate them."

It was the most dramatic and thrilling scene ever seen in a court of justice. Benham was unable to say much, and the judge placed Allison under bonds to pay his wife and children five thousand dollars a year.

CHAPTER XXI.

WALT AND HEALEY MAKE A CAPTURE.

When the decision was made, the boy lawyer turned to the deserted wife and mother, extended his hand, and said:

"Madam, you cannot understand how happy I am that you and your children will be provided for."

She seized his hand and pressed it to her lips. She could not speak. Her heart was too full.

"Oh, you dear, good boy!" said the Widow Irwin, in a half whisper. "How glad I am that I sent her to you! I will provide for her till she gets the first payment."

"What an angel of goodness you are," he replied. "There would be little suffering in the world if we had more like you."

"Come up this evening. We are going to celebrate this victory."

"All right—I'll be there," he laughed, and then he turned to inquire of the judge when the mother might expect the money, as she was now dependent on friends for even a shelter for the coming night. The judge said that would soon be ascertained, as the defendant would have to give bonds for the payment of the money.

The boy lawyer's dramatic excoriation of Allison created a sensation. It was published in the afternoon papers, and the clubman was a ruined man from that hour. Very few of his friends really knew he had a wife and children. He spent his money freely and was a jovial companion in the clubrooms, but now his best friends cut him dead.

That evening Walt went uptown to the elegant home of the Widow Irwin. To his surprise, all the ladies who were present in the court room that day were on hand to welcome him. Mrs. Allison and her little ones had been furnished with neat apparel, and they, too, were there. The smiles and compliments he received were enough to turn the head of a king.

"How in the world did he stand such a terrible lashing!" exclaimed one of the ladies.

"He has neither heart nor conscience," replied Walt. "I never saw a man like him. I wanted to blast him to atoms when I saw that sneer on his lips while I was talking. But he is a ruined man socially, I am told. The papers have published my excoriation of him."

"Mr. Whitney, if you will lecture for us on 'A Mother's Love' our society will pay you two hundred and fifty dollars for it," said one of the ladies. "We can fill the largest hall in the city and make money for our treasury."

"I fear you would lose money," said he. "People praise, but don't like to pay."

"The women will fill the hall," said another. "Mothers will come by hundreds to hear you, and bring the fathers, too."

After much persuasion he yielded, and two weeks were given him in which to prepare his speech.

To his astonishment the ladies at once formed a committee to get the largest hall uptown.

When he came away the faithful Healey was at the door to meet and escort him home. On the way the big fellow told him that two men had been shadowing him all the evening.

"Are they in sight now?" Walt asked him.

"Yes, they are out there on the rear platform of the car."

There were two men there besides the conductor, and Walt tried to get a look at their faces. Somehow he could not succeed in doing so, as they kept well out of the light.

"It surely can't be that they mean to attack us," he thought to himself, as he sat there with a dozen other passengers and pondered. "Healey can hold his own against them unless they shoot him, and they surely won't go to that length."

Suddenly he said to Healey:

"Let's get off and take the next car. They may keep on."

"All right, sir," and they both arose and left the car by the front end. The spot was a quiet one, being between two vacant blocks.

The two men seemed rattled for a moment or two, then jumped off the car about fifty feet farther on. They stopped and looked around.

"What did you get off here for, Bill?" one asked the other.

"I thought it was our street," was the reply. "Where are we, anyway?"

"Hanged if I know; say, what street is this?"

"Lexington avenue," said Healey.

"Oh, the deuce!" and they came toward Walt, who started off to meet the next car, Healey following him. They followed, too, and Walt crossed to the other side of the avenue. They crossed, too. He crossed back, and so did they, getting closer each time. Then Healey mixed up with them, catching each by the collar and slamming them together with a force that ruined their countenances and flashed a million stars before their eyes—without uttering a word. One sank down limp and senseless. The other reached for his gun, but a blow from the brawny fist of Healey dropped him like a brick.

"They're a pair of birds, boss," said Healey, as he stood over them.

"See if they are armed," said Walt, and he made a search.

One had a loaded revolver and a slungshot; the other a revolver, a sandbag and a pair of brass knuckles. Just as he finished the search the next car came by, but it did not stop.

"Boss, I can make 'em confess the game if you say so," said Healey.

"All right, make them do so."

Healey seized them by the collar and dragged them to the vacant block away from the street, Walt following them. They both come to and began to put up a fight. Both reached for their weapons, but found none. Healey slammed them together again, and they begged for mercy.

"No mercy till you croak," said the big fellow. "Tell us what your game is, or I'll break all your bones."

"We ain't up to no game."

Slam!

They both groaned and sank down to the ground in utter helplessness. Healey waited for them to pull themselves together, when he put the question to them again. One tried to yell for help, when a blow sent him in a heap ten feet away.

Then the other confessed that they had been hired to sandbag Whitney, but said he didn't know who the man was. The other told the same story when he came to.

"Now we'll take you to the police station," said Walt, and they did. There they denied their confession, but as both were ex-convicts it did no good. They were locked up on complaint of both Walt and Healey, who turned over the captured weapons to the sergeant.

CHAPTER XXII.

WALT'S TRIBUTE TO HIS MOTHER.

The arrest and confession of the two ex-convicts created a profound sensation in the city. Echols fled and was never seen again, and Cruger's best friends deserted him. He denied that he had any knowledge of any attempt on the life of the boy lawyer, and claimed that his uncorroborated evidence did not amount to anything, and would have no weight with a jury. He said that he would be able to prove that he bought the will of the murdered Langdon from two men, knowing it would make the discarded daughter an equal sharer in the estate by suppressing it.

"I was engaged to her at the time, and yielded to the temptation, but it was a minor offense, for which I am willing to suffer."

But no one believed him.

The day after the story came out Walt received a note through the mail from Bessie Hamil congratulating him on his escape from the perils that surrounded him.

"We were shocked when we read about it in the papers," she wrote, "and father and mother insisted that I should write and tell you how glad we all were over your escape from harm. Why do you not call and see us? Because the suit has been won do you think we care nothing for the one who won it for us?"

That evening he called on her to thank her for her note.

She received him with maidenly reserve and yet with a cordiality that told him she was sincere.

The next day the city was startled with the news that Cruger had committed suicide in his cell by taking a dose of morphine, which had been smuggled into his cell by some friend. Then the papers teemed with sensational repetitions of Walt Whitney's connection with his arrest and downfall, thus giving the boy lawyer an immense amount of free advertising.

"This ends the case," said he, as he read the account of his taking off. "It's an awful tragedy in which three lives are lost. His wife was undoubtedly killed by grief over the peril to which he was exposed. Am I in any way responsible from a moral standpoint? I hope not. I wonder if the reward of ten thousand dollars for his arrest and conviction will be paid. I'll ask Mr. Graham what he thinks about it."

"They ought to pay it," said Graham, "but I doubt if you can make them do it, since he was never tried. I would ask them about it, anyway. You certainly saved the will for them."

On that very day one of the heirs came into the office, and Graham spoke to him about it.

"I don't know," said the heir. "There was no trial and conviction, as was called for in the offered reward."

"Very true; but the arrest restored the will, and thus saved you the share that would have gone to Mrs. Cruger."

"Yes, so it did. So far as I am concerned, I am in favor of paying it."

"Well, kindly say as much to the other heirs. The young man needs the money. He is supporting a widowed mother."

"I will do so—he ought to have it," said the other, and soon after that he went away.

That week the elevated road paid the judgment for fifty thousand dollars and Walt got ten per cent. of the fee Hill and Graham received—twelve hundred and fifty dollars in cold cash.

He felt like a new man. It gave him life and energy to a marvelous degree, and when he told his mother about it, the little widow was even happier than he.

Now that Cruger was no more, it was no longer necessary for him to keep Healey as a guard. He gave him his wages every week, and when he discharged him he made him a present of fifty dollars.

Walt had a little time in which to prepare the lecture he had promised to deliver in Harlem. But he worked on it early and late, and was quite satisfied with it if he could but remember it when before the audience.

The ladies had sold immense quantities of tickets, and over two thousand people, two-thirds women, were packed in the great hall when he reached there, with his mother and Bessie Hamil. There were seats in a private box reserved for them, so they had no trouble on that score.

This time the Widow Irwin did not preside, but gave way to a distinguished man, who was to introduce the lecturer. He did so in a neat little speech in which he spoke of Walt as a new star in the galaxy of orators.

When he stepped forward he was received with cheers and waving of fans and handkerchiefs. He began in a clear, resonant tone of voice that reached to every part of the great hall. He spoke of the loves of men and women and all the passions that stir the human heart till he reached the higher, purer and holier love of motherhood—the love that defies time and death itself—the love that will lay down life in the cold embrace of the grave for the sake of the beloved.

He kept on in that strain of grand, lofty flights of imagery till the vast audience fairly quivered in nervous sympathy with his sentiments. Men and women sat spellbound, holding

their breath at times as though it would break the flow of his grand thoughts to breathe.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE PUNISHMENT OF THE CLUBBER.

There was a stillness like that of the tomb resting upon the vast audience when he sat down. It would have been a sacrilege to break it with a cheer or any sort of applause. Then came a sound of a thousand people taking a long breath. Then, after a minute or two, some one began to applaud, and the next moment a storm swept over the audience. Men and women cheered and waved fans and handkerchiefs. Women cried from excess of pent-up emotions, and in the midst of it all Mrs. Whitney sat smiling through her tears, too happy to speak. Her boy had paid tribute to her before all the world, and she was happy only as a loving mother could be. How men and women crowded about her to shake her hand!

If anything was lacking to complete his reputation as an orator that lecture supplied it. The distinguished judge, who presided at the hall, declared it the most eloquent speech he had ever heard.

On that very night, over in Brooklyn, Mr. Hill, the head of the law firm of Hill & Graham, died. Graham was by his side at the time.

A few weeks later, when the affairs of the partnership were wound up, Graham said to Walt:

"Whitney, I'll take you into partnership, with an allowance to you of five thousand dollars for the first year. At the end of the year we'll readjust the money basis to something better, perhaps. What say you?"

"It suits me, sir."

"Then the firm shall be known as Graham & Whitney," and so it was written.

Walt was happy over his success, and to make him more so the heirs to the Langdon estate paid him ten thousand dollars for the arrest of Cruger and the recovery of the will of the old man. He gave the money to his mother.

A few days later a mother came to him for advice.

A policeman had cruelly clubbed her fourteen-year-old boy, who was then in the hospital almost at the point of death. Her son had fought with the policeman's son, a boy about his own age, and whipped him, or got the best of it. The next day the policeman clubbed him nearly to death in the presence of five other boys, and dragged him to the police station as a truant who had resisted arrest. The sergeant rang for an ambulance, and had him taken to the hospital.

"I'll attend to it for you, madam," he said. "Get the names of the witnesses and their addresses, but don't say I am to have anything to do with it. If your story is true, I'll send him up the river for a term of years."

A week later the officer was arrested on the charge of assault with intent to kill, and the next day was held to bail in the sum of three thousand dollars. He was a man of some means, and gave the required bail. Walt went before the Police Board and presented the case so strongly as to have him suspended from duty.

Just before the trial was to come off the mother of the injured boy was called upon by another policeman, who advised her to drop the case, as Sanger, the clubber, was willing to pay her two hundred and fifty dollars cash. She said she would see her lawyer about it.

"Oh, let that boy lawyer alone," said the officer. "He will run up a big bill against you and do you no good."

"He says he won't charge me a penny," she replied.

"He does, eh? Well, you wait and see. Lawyers don't work for nothing."

Then the mothers of the boys who were witnesses were visited by the police and warned to keep 'em out of court by

sending them into the country. Walt soon heard of it and went to see them. He persuaded them to let him have the boys for one week to keep them out of sight of the police. He took them over to a boarding house in Jersey City, where he paid a week's board for the seven in advance, and told the boys to keep mum.

The police thought they had been sent away by their mother, and Sanger and his friends were confident of acquittal. But when the case was called the seven boys were on hand in the court room.

His counsel fought hard for a postponement, but Walt was too much for him, and the case went to trial.

Walt put all his witnesses up, one by one, and drew out the whole story of the most brutal outrage ever committed by an officer of the force. He put up four witnesses to show that the officer had taken several big drinks just before the outrage occurred.

Then the defense began to put in their side of the story. Several brother officers testified to the good character and amiable disposition of Sanger. He had been on the force fifteen years, and was a good man and a fine officer—so they said. Then he took the stand and perjured himself all through his story. He flatly denied striking the boy at all, saying he received his injuries in a fight with other boys.

"What a whopper!" gasped one of the boys, which raised a laugh in the court room.

Walt then addressed the jury, and made the most scathing speech ever heard in that court room. He denounced Sanger and all his witnesses as conscienceless perjurers, and showed up the inconsistencies and discrepancies in their statements in such sarcastic, cutting, stinging phrases that Sanger's lawyer protested.

"That's all you can do," Walt retorted. "You can say naught in their favor—in his favor—so protest, protest, till the whole fabric of the defense goes to protest. Gentlemen of the jury, the uniform and shield upon the person of the defendant were there as representatives of the majesty of the law, and he used them for purposes of private, personal revenge. The victim of his malice is crippled for life—a boy of tender years, whom he could have dragged off to the station house with one hand. He swears that the child received his terrible wounds in fights with other boys. If that is true, why did he brutally drag him to the station house, and not arrest his assailants? He and his brother officers say that all the boys are liars. They were once boys themselves. Were they liars, too? When did they cease to be liars? When they reached their majority and grew mustaches? You read your Bible in your homes, and doubtless remember King David's remark: 'I have said in my heart all men are liars.' He didn't say boys at all. He probably meant policemen, for they had them in Jerusalem in those days, but I cannot believe that they clubbed children and dragged them, bleeding and broken, to the station houses."

The jury did not leave their seats to deliberate, but right there, in the presence of the crowd, made up a unanimous verdict of "Guilty as charged."

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONCLUSION.

The verdict was another triumph for the boy lawyer, and added to his fame both as an orator and sound legal adviser.

He was now on the highway to success, and since he had been associated with Graham many clients of the moneyed class came to him. Within a couple of years his time was so well taken up by his law practice he was forced to refuse all requests to lecture. He had bought a home for his mother, and the little widow was very happy in it. She entertained many

young ladies, who seemed to love her for her many traits of head and heart. She did not suspect that they loved her for Walt's sake.

One evening she said to Bessie:

"My dear, Walt is in love with you, I am sure, but is afraid to tell you so for fear you may not return his love. Trust me with your secret, dear—if you love him—and I will make him declare himself to you. Do you love him enough to be his wife?"

"You won't tell him I said so?" she asked, timidly.

"No—no, my child."

"Then I do love him more than my own soul," she said.

A few days later Walt asked her to be his wife, and she said she would.

In the meantime, the Widow Irwin kept up a series of weekly socials at her splendid residence, and always insisted on Walt and his mother attending them. She never invited Bessie, nor any other very pretty young lady, though she did have a number who were not so beautiful as herself.

One evening in her back parlor, when no others were present, he asked her why she did not marry again.

"I am waiting for the right man to come along," she said, and then in turn asked him why he did not take a wife.

"I am not old enough to vote yet," he asserted, "and am trying hard to raise a mustache."

"Oh, my! Are you going to wait ten years before marrying?"

"I don't know," he laughed. "I may fall in love and yield to temptation. A pretty woman can turn a man's head and heart, you know."

"Would you marry a widow?"

"Yes, if I loved her."

"Then I am going to wait and give you a chance to fall in love with me, Walt," she said, laying a hand on his arm. "Will you tell me so when you think you love me enough to want me to be your wife?"

He came away that evening half vexed with himself for not telling her of his engagement to Bessie. But he had not compromised himself, anyway, and kept the secret locked in his bosom.

Six months later Bessie's father died, and the mother and daughter were alone in the world. A year later Mrs. Hamil, to the surprise of all her friends, married again.

"Now marry Bessie and bring her home, Walt," said Mrs. Whitney, and he did. It created a sensation among his friends. Mrs. Irwin took a trip to Europe a week later and remained a year. When she returned she looked ten years older than when she went away. She never mentioned the Whitneys to any of her friends, and did not meet them in society except by the merest accident.

Walt is now in middle life, and ranks as one of the ablest lawyers of the metropolis, and has frequently been honored by the people with offices of great trust and responsibility.

Next week's issue will contain "OLD NINETY-FOUR, THE BOY ENGINEER'S PRIDE; OR, LIFE AND LUCK ON THE RAIL." By Jas. C. Merritt.

SPECIAL NOTICE. All back numbers of this weekly except the following are in print: 1 to 25, 27, 29 to 36, 38 to 40, 42, 43, 45 to 51, 53 to 55, 57 to 60, 62, 64 to 69, 71 to 73, 75, 79, 81, 84 to 86, 88, 89, 91, 92 to 94, 99, 100, 102, 105, 107, 109 to 111, 116, 119, 124 to 126, 132, 139, 140, 143, 163, 166, 171, 179 to 181, 192, 212, 213, 215, 216, 233, 239, 247, 257, 265, 268, 277, 294. If you cannot obtain the ones you want from any newsdealer, send the price in money or postage stamps by mail to FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 24 UNION SQUARE, New York, and you will receive the copies you order by return mail.

AN IRON-BOUND KEG

OR,

THE ERROR THAT COST A LIFE

By ALEXANDER ARMSTRONG

(CHAPTER XII—Continued)

"Maybe I am. Didn't you know that William Greenwood was the father of Grace, your ward?"

"Bank Note Bill? Not until I saw his face after death."

"What did you do with the \$250,000 his wife intrusted to your care for his child—this same Grace Greenwood?"

Sam could not restrain another violent start.

"I don't know what you mean!" he stammered.

"Don't you! Well, I'll tell you; I know your history and that of the girl. The murdered man left a confession, which I have in my possession at present."

A cold sweat began to break out all over Sam.

He imagined that he was secure as far as the past of his career was enveloped in mystery.

Yet, after many years of rest, it was raked up again.

Things began to look bad for him now.

With Grace and the detective out of the way, and no absolute proof against him, he thought he could come back and brave out anything that might have been told and lay the crime at the girl's door.

If she is captured, and came back, he could stick to his story, and she would have to pay the penalty for his crime, and then would be entirely out of his way.

Once his path was cleared of her he could find his dreams realized as he wanted them to be.

But obstructions were arising.

The police knew more than he bargained for.

He would have a harder fight now than he anticipated, but he realized at once that no positive proof of anything serious could be brought against him.

It would be easy to dispose of the more trifling matters, and it made him feel easier.

"Well," said he, "I've told all I've got to say, now what are you going to do about it, inspector."

"Hold you for examination."

"Ay, ay. I expected it. But how?"

"On suspicion, of course."

"By the powers! then you can prove no harm for me."

"That remains to be seen. You can stay here until to-morrow. I'll commit you for court."

Sam nodded, grinned, and was soon after led away.

On the following day, when the local court was opened, Sam Bull was arraigned for examination and retained a rather smart lawyer to defend him.

The inspector prosecuted the case in person.

Ned and Grace were there, too—the young detective in disguise yet, and the girl heavily veiled.

The hunchback was charged with suspicion of having murdered William Greenwood, the inspector sustaining the charge.

Then the chief deposed as follows:

Bank Note Bill's actions had been traced up by Ned, and the young detective ascertained that the thief had left his boarding-house at eight o'clock on the night he was killed.

He went directly to the Hester street dive in company with a crook, and never came out of there again, alive.

The proprietor of the place said that Bill had suddenly vanished from the midst of the crowd, and no one knew where he had gone.

If he had gone through the back room and down into the cellar, no one had seen him; but certain it was, nobody saw him go out the door to the street.

That was the last ever seen of him.

Now, there had been a hole forced through the party wall of the cellar, and Bill may have made it in order to get into the adjoining cellar.

At all events he was next found lying in a vault in the floor of the cellar next door to the dive.

A knife thrust through the heart had ended his life.

Upon a subsequent search for the vault it was gone, and the hole in the wall had been filled in with the original bricks and plastered up again.

Last of all, the body was found at the mouth of the sewer sunk in the river.

On the same night old Jim O'Hare had been detailed to go to the dive in question to capture Bill, who had escaped from prison before his sentence had expired.

The old detective had entered the dive and called for a drink.

Then he suddenly vanished.

The only trace of him left was his revolver, which had been found in the cellar near the spot where the corpse was discovered.

When the detective was next met he was a lunatic.

He was entirely irrational, and he had been sent to the asylum from Bellevue Hospital, where nothing could be done for him.

A young detective, Ned Riggs, had made certain discoveries such as the finding of Bank Note Bill's body in the vault, and he had been knocked on the head by Sam Bull. But he was not injured. He had been arrested at Harlem Bridge and was discharged. He had gone to Bull and accused him. The girl was on a European steamer. Sam Bull brought the officer on board the *Furnessia*. The detective was shown a room, in which laid Grace Greenwood. Then he was drugged and the steamer went off.

Sam interposed at this juncture.

"That is false!" he shouted.

Then Ned arose and flung off his disguise.

"Is it?" he asked.

Sam nearly fainted when he recognized the detective.

The pile of evidence kept heaping up, and when the whole

case was made against Bull, his own lawyer felt rather uneasy about his client.

"I deny the charges," said Sam. "I never tried to injure my niece."

"Remember that you are under oath," said the justice.

"Ay, ay. But if she was here she could prove my innocence."

"You say she murdered the burglar?"

"I saw her do it."

"Miss Greenwood!"

Grace threw aside her veil and approached, and a hoarse cry of consternation burst from Sam's lips as he fastened his bulging eyes on the girl.

"Great powers, the detective has saved her!" he gasped.

"Young lady," said the justice, "this man accuses you of the murder of your own father, in a somnambulistic spell."

"It is too horrible!" said the shuddering girl.

"What have you to say in answer to the charge?"

"I deny it. I am innocent."

"Can you prove your guiltlessness?"

"By only my own word."

"Where were you on the night of the murder?"

"At home—in my own sleeping apartment."

"Are you a somnambulist?"

"I am not."

"Did you sleep all through the night in question?"

"No, I did not sleep at all."

"That is strange."

"Not in the least. I had taken strong coffee for supper, and that combined with a nervous prostration I underwent kept me awake."

"Then that refutes the somnambulist theory?"

"Decidedly I am not a sleep-walker."

"Oh, Grace——" commenced Sam deprecatingly.

"Silence in the court," commanded the clerk.

He rapped on the table and Sam scowled and kept still.

The evidence was all brought out of the case as far as Ned's discoveries went, and the justice considered the matter, and, to the surprise of every one, he indicted the girl for trial by the grand jury on a charge of murder in the second degree, and dismissed Sam Bull.

Even the delighted dwarf was amazed.

He was put under bonds to appear as a witness, though.

In summing up the case, the justice said:

"I am actuated simply by the evidence. This man, woman, and these witnesses have all made sworn statements. These statements are all I have to guide myself. The evidence lays Samuel Bull open to suspicion. But his motives seem to be actuated wholly by solicitude for his niece. His evidence is direct. He accuses her of the crime. We have no proof that he is in league with the counterfeiters. A meagre conversation overheard between him and one of the outlaws is not sufficient to prove he is one of their accessories. If he has formulated a plot against the girl, his design was not consummated. Hence he is not amenable to the law. The girl made no charge of conspiracy against him. If she was abducted with malicious intent, she should have sworn out a warrant for his arrest and conviction. Nothing of the kind was done. The meager facts of the case do not warrant my holding this man guilty, as all the proof against him is based on suspicion, whereas, he openly charges his relative with the crime. The experience of the detective may have been brought about by somebody else, as he cannot swear that it was Samuel Bull who assaulted him on the steamer. Nor can the girl take oath that Mr. Bull caused her to be taken on board the steamer as a strange man conducted her there after making a false statement to her. If I am mistaken, a higher

court will decide for the parties concerned. Consequently the commitment must be made in accordance with this decision."

This was final, and could not be disputed without any strong evidence to prove the commitment on error of judgment, but the justice consented to leave the girl privilege, at the option of the sheriff, of securing a bail bond, in order to keep out of prison until the case was called for trial.

This was some consolation, and the detective went to see the district-attorney, in order to give bonds for the release of the unfortunate Grace Greenwood.

She was spared the ignominy of being carted off in the jail-van with all the low characters whom the justice sentenced to serve time in the prisons.

Ned Riggs became the girl's bondsman in the sum of two thousand dollars, and her gratitude to her lover knew no bounds.

Sam Bull left the court-room alone.

He did not even glance at Grace, the poor unfortunate creature whose life he tried to swear to the gallows in order to save his own neck.

The inspector was watching him.

"I suspected that this affair would come to just the climax it has reached," he thought. "But I am thoroughly convinced of that girl's innocence. And I am equally as sure that Sam Bull knows more about that murder than he confessed. And I am further convinced that if there is any power in detective sagacity, and any proof extant, I will land that cripple on the gallows within a month."

Sam had seen the inspector's eyes fixed on him.

It made the rascal shiver.

He felt as if he was looking at the executioner.

CHAPTER XIII.

A VILE ATTEMPT.

On the following night Sam Bull sat in his laboratory, when to his amazement the hall door opened and a man entered.

The dwarf glanced up in surprise, and saw that his unannounced caller was Ned Riggs, the detective.

"By the powers!" he exclaimed, dropping a pestle and mortar he had been using, and springing to his feet. "This is a brazen piece of impudence. How dare you come into my house without ringing the bell or knocking at the door, sir?"

"My dear fellow," blandly replied Ned, as he sat down in a chair and lit a cigar, "I found that your bell wire was cut, and I knocked until my knuckles ached, without receiving any answer to my summons. The door was not locked, so I simply pulled it open and entered."

"You are an audacious fellow."

"Perhaps I am. But we are wasting civilities where we ought to be engaged upon the topic that brought me here. Sit down."

Sam growled something and complied.

Then he sat glaring at the detective, and asked:

"What in thunder do you want of me?"

"I have been up to the insane asylum on Blackwell's Island, my friend, and I have seen Jim O'Hare. He is in a pitiful state, and as you are the one who caused him his present misery, I want you to furnish me with an antidote to recover his reason."

"How do you mean?"

"It is just this way. You set him crazy, and did it with a drug of which Grace Greenwood told me. I am thoroughly convinced of this. Now, I want you to undo the mischief, and make amends for your villainy."

"You must be insane yourself. I know nothing of what you are speaking about," growled Sam.

"There is no use for you to deny that you set the old detective crazy," said Ned. "We know you did. Now you had better tell me the remedy for the evil or I will make you."

The veins in Sam's forehead swelled up with anger, and he arose, pulled a revolver out of his pocket, aimed it point blank at Ned's head, and said in an angry scream:

"I've had enough of your nonsense. I want you to clear out of here! You tried to hang me, but you didn't succeed. You couldn't get evidence enough against me. You will drive me to desperation by your persecutions. I've had enough of it. Now it is about time for you to quit! Do you hear?"

"Oh, put up your pistol," said Ned, coolly.

"Ay, ay! It is easy for you to say that. But I mean business this time. I am sick and tired of fooling with you in this fashion. You must stop it, I say!"

"Bull, you must do as I say, or take the consequences."

"Oh, it is likely I will be downtrodden by you, isn't it?"

"Well, I have sworn to see justice satisfied," said Ned, vehemently, "and convinced as I am that you are the guilty party, I shall not rest day or night until you are convicted. You have sworn away the life of the girl I love, and I will see that your internal design is thwarted. I can readily understand your cowardly trick. You want her put out of your way so that you can get the best of her somehow on a money matter. I know it. But you won't do it."

Bull lowered his weapon.

"If there was a legacy left to the girl," said he, sneeringly, "wasn't there some account of it in the surrogate's office?"

"Ah! That is where the trouble lies. No will was ever filed there for probate in her favor. Nor is there in any of the banks, if my recent investigations count for anything. Yet the fact remains, for I overheard all that you and the counterfeiter said in this house before the poor girl was lured on board the steamer in which you designed and failed to send us to Europe. This money will never do you any good, Sam Bull. I prophesy that it will eventually lead to your downfall."

The dwarf grinned.

Then he pointed the pistol at Ned again.

"There is the door," said he. "Now go. I'm tired of you."

Ned arose to his feet, and with a sudden kick he sent the pistol flying out of the man's hand.

Sam uttered an imprecation.

He was disarmed.

"Great powers—why did you do that?" he asked.

"I don't want my brains blown out!" said Ned.

An evil expression crossed the hunchback's face.

He realized that he was destined to have a good deal of trouble with Ned Riggs unless he managed to either leave New York or else got the detective out of his way.

The idea of turning his brain, as he had done to Jim O'Hare, entered his crafty mind, and he picked up a lance.

"If I can open a blood vessel," thought he, "I can easily inoculate him with some of the poison."

The vial in which the deadly drug was contained stood on the table at his side, and he picked it up.

Ned was watching him closely.

"What's that you are doing?" he asked.

"I am going to cut you with this lance," said Sam, grinning.

"The deuce you are!"

"Give me your wrist a moment."

"Ah! I see through your motive! You have betrayed yourself. I saw the tiny gash on Jim's wrist. You introduced your poison into his system through that cut, and you want to serve me in the same manner, you little wretch!"

The diabolical grin on Sam's face showed the detective that his surmise was not far out of the way.

He made an effort to draw his own pistol, but Sam observed his action and made a cat-like spring for him.

The ugly little wretch caught Ned by the throat, and by the exertion of his monstrous strength he bore the officer over upon the floor.

Ned could not reach his weapon.

He found his hands full contending with his vicious little enemy, and they began to struggle with might and main to overcome each other.

The detective fell beneath the dwarf, but the moment he struck the floor he doubled up his fist and dealt Sam a terrible blow on the nose that brought an ejaculation of pain and rage from the little rascal.

He did not relax his grip, though.

With a savage ferocity that was simply fearful, he planted his knees upon the detective's chest, and grasping Ned by the hair of his head, he dragged him up and tried to slam his skull down upon the hard boards.

He wanted to batter the detective into unconsciousness, but Ned divined his intention, and stiffening the muscles of his neck, he brought every effort into play to resist the man.

Sam's malignant intention was frustrated.

The detective struck out again.

With a bang his fist hit the dwarf on the nose again with stinging force, almost smashing it flat.

Sam began to roar like an injured animal.

Stars by the constellation began to dance before his ugly eyes.

He made another effort to bring the detective's head on the floor, when another terrible thump on the nose from Ned's fist hit him, and he was knocked over on the floor.

The detective bounded to his feet and darted at his enemy with the intention of pinioning him, when Sam suddenly raised the lance and stabbed at him.

Unfortunately for Ned, he was near enough to get the full benefit of the keen, fine blade, for the point penetrated his wrist, and when it came out the blood began to flow.

The shock distracted his attention from Sam.

This was just the sort of chance the dwarf wanted, for he snatched up the vial of poison from the floor, and bounding to his feet, he thrust out one of his crooked legs, grasped Ned by the hip and tripped him.

Over upon the floor fell the detective heavily, and the dwarf dropped down on him, caught hold of his wrist which had been cut, and pressed his knees on the officer's arm and chest.

Then he raised the vial to his mouth and pulled the cork out with his fang-like teeth.

A look of horror overspread Ned's face as he watched the actions of the spiteful hunchback.

It was obvious to him that Sam meant to drug him with the contents of the vial, and perhaps leave him in much the same state Jim O'Hare was found.

A cold sweat broke out all over Ned.

The cork was jerked out of the bottle and fell to the floor.

Then Sam exerted all his muscle, and dragging Ned's arm down upon the floor, he held the vial over toward the cut, and tipped it up to drop some of the drug upon the wound. He meant to madden the detective.

CHAPTER XIV.

OVER THE FERRY.

Ned Riggs had no desire to share the fate of his old friend, Jim O'Hare, and he wrenched his arm away from the dwarf.

The contents of the vial ran out on the floor, and the hunchback made a frantic effort to gain a firmer hold on the young detective's wrist again, but in vain.

(This story to be continued in our next issue.)

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